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THE NEW YEAR OPENS hopefully for international peace with the submission of the Bolivian-Paraguayan boundary dispute to arbitration and the agreement in Europe in regard to a committee to reexamine reparations and debts. Whether or not Bolivia and Paraguay accept the arbitration award arranged by the Pan-American conference in Washington, they are having a chance to cool off, and it is unlikely that they will assume so bellicose an attitude again. Meanwhile the Pan-American gathering has submitted a new arbitration accord to the participating governments—the details of which are not public at this writing—which may lay a firmer basis for peace in the Western Hemisphere. The final agreement in regard to the new committee on German reparations follows the lines already predicted. France accompanies its acceptance of the arrangement with a restatement of its demand for reparations sufficient to cover its reconstruction expenses and pay its war debts, but this is far from an inelastic amount. The United States is asked to name two men to sit with the experts of the Allied Powers, and Washington has agreed to the proposal with the understanding that the representatives shall be unofficial.

SENATOR BORAH'S HANDLING of the Kellogg Pact has won him two distinct victories. In the first place he got it out of the Committee on Foreign Relations without any amendment, and in a very short space of time. Next he got around an extremely difficult parliamentary situation by obtaining unanimous consent to joint consideration of the pact and the fifteen-cruiser bill—never were two such contradictory measures on the calendar at one time. It is true that he was not able to have the measure passed by Christmas, as some of the newspapers have been demanding, but that was not to be expected. The road is now clear to a discussion of both these measures. We are sorry, of course, that the treaty was not passed before the cruiser bill, for that would have left the road clear to concentrate the attack upon the latter. We still hope that the vote on the cruiser bill may be delayed until after the treaty is out of the way. At any rate, we are in for a long and helpful debate in the Senate on both measures. As it looks at this writing, the treaty will go through without any reservations. Meanwhile we sincerely hope that everybody who believes in sincerity, common sense, and ordinary decency in public affairs will write to his Senators and to the President protesting against the passage of the cruiser bill, which is aimed primarily against Great Britain and is intended as a threat to bludgeon that nation into another disarmament conference. Unfortunately, this kind of diplomacy rarely achieves its aim, usually stiffens the back of the other fellow, and stimulates him to reprisals. It is the wrong way to bring about an adjustment of the Anglo-American situation.

WHILE MR. HOOVER is buried under tons of bouquets, compliments, and polite Latin-American love and kisses, Perry McAferty, a young marine writing from Nicaragua to his folks back home, spills the beans. The Wenatchee (Washington) *Daily World* was so incautious as to print Mr. McAferty's words. Among other things he says:

> I had a little excitement yesterday. I had to meet the train and give the marine guard some mail for the States, and a Spig spit on me. I jumped aboard and ordered him off, but he refused to move and attempted to draw a knife, so I laid my pistol butt to his head and carried him to the door and tossed him off. The train was making about ten miles an hour and he broke his arm when he fell. We sent him to headquarters today under guard. Don't know what they will do to him in there.

Possibly boiling in oil might teach him not to trifle with American marines engaged in protecting the lives and property of American citizens in a foreign land—or maybe they are maintaining order in Nicaragua; we are not sure which. At any rate it is plain that Nicaragua is a barbarian country full of desperadoes who do not care where they expectorate, and the presence of marines to supply cuspidors and corporeal chastisement is right and proper. Mr. Hoover's attention should be called to the incident. For after all, are polite speeches really to the point when Our Boys are down

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in that far-off country, being insulted and obliged to decide what to do with a Nicaraguan who has, as a result of his own folly, fallen off a train and broken his arm?

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that Senator James E. Watson of Indiana is to become the Republican floor leader in the Senate is extremely unwelcome. We venture to believe that it will also be unsatisfactory to Mr. Hoover. Whatever may be said in criticism of the latter, it is unthinkable that he would like to do business with Jim Watson or to have him as the Presidential spokesman on the floor of the Senate. We are aware, of course, that he accepted the aid given to him by Mr. Watson and the Watson machine during the campaign. That was really unavoidable, given Mr. Hoover's new vision of party regularity. But Mr. Hoover knows as well as the rest of us that the Watson machine has sunk to about as low a level as any similar one in the country; that at its door must be laid the gigantic political scandals which made it possible for a Senator to remark on the floor of the Senate recently that there are always two Governors in Indiana, one in the State House and one in jail. To have Jim Watson parading the Senate as leader of the Republican Party after March 4, next, will be to give the country in his person an exact measure of the depth to which has sunk the party that used to boast that it was the party of moral ideals.

WE CONGRATULATE AMERICAN Protestantism on securing as president of the Federal Council of Churches Francis J. McConnell, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The office to which Bishop McConnell has been elevated has steadily risen in influence and power until today the president of the Federal Council is an important national figure. This increase in influence is due in part to the radio, which has given to this privileged preacher an audience of millions, and in part to the energy with which the retiring president of the council, S. Parkes Cadman, has seized upon the opportunities of his office. Dr. Cadman is facile and eloquent; Bishop McConnell is more than that. He has an understanding of economic problems which should make him tremendously useful in the field of social reform. As chairman of the steel-strike committee of the Interchurch World Movement he sponsored and defended the famous report of that committee against the most bitter attacks. The chief emphasis of his ministry has been the "social gospel." The Federal Council, which has done notable work through the information service of its department of research and education, is likely to be even more socially minded under the direction of Bishop McConnell. Incidentally the elevation of Bishop McConnell to the highest office in the gift of American Protestantism should give new courage to every economic progressive in an American pulpit.

AN AMAZING VICTORY for organized labor has been scored by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in the organization of the leading men's clothing factories on the Pacific Coast. Los Angeles, the center of the most bitter "open-shop" employers' organizations in America, has been regarded by labor unions as a hopeless field for many years. Yet the Amalgamated succeeded in penetrating this city and on December 10 Sidney Hillman, president of the union, signed a collective-bargaining agreement with its leading clothing manufacturers establishing impartial machinery for the settlement of all disputes. He also signed similar agreements with the leading clothing manufacturers of San Francisco. The total number of workers involved in these cities is not large, approximately 2,000, but the Pacific Coast industry is bound to grow. The success of the Amalgamated in fields where the American Federation of Labor has failed is causing much speculation in the labor movement. We believe that the difference in results is due not only to the superior class-consciousness of the clothing workers but to the scientific cooperation which the union has given to manufacturers in maintaining production standards. The union's victory on the Pacific Coast was obtained by its national officials when they proved to the employers that the Amalgamated's plan of work-standards and impartial machinery was economically feasible. In this connection we are glad to note that the Harmon Foundation of New York has just awarded to Mr. Hillman a gold medal and $1,000 for outstanding public service in 1927.

TO HIM THAT HATH shall be given in the world of corporate finance—that is the moral of the statistics on corporation income for 1927 recently published by the Treasury Department. The tremendous slump in the net income of corporations ($1,144,000,000) and the increase in corporation deficits ($258,000,000) occurred chiefly among companies with relatively small capitalization, while the vast profits of such concerns as General Motors reveal the advantage possessed by the great corporation. It would be premature to say that the little business man in America is doomed, but he is certainly on the defensive. The 1927 figures showed that in the leading classes of industries the firms with deficits were the ones with relatively small gross incomes. Also, as the New York *Times* pointed out, the number of our bankruptcies in October of last year went up while the amount of bankrupts' liabilities went down, indicating that the failures tend to be in the smaller business units. In several branches of industry in which large-scale consolidations do not predominate the failures have been severe. More than half of the corporations engaged in mining and agriculture and 40 per cent of the textile corporations showed no net income last year. The phenomenon of increased prosperity during a period of falling prices, which was considered miraculous a few years ago, seems to be partially explained by the elimination of the inefficiencies of small-scale production. If the little business man is dying, let him die. As consumers we cannot afford to maintain him in independent wastefulness. Also, when the time comes that nearly all of us are reduced to the level of the small business man or employed worker, America may become genuinely interested in the social control of corporate wealth.

WITH THE NEW ADMINISTRATION in Mexico organized labor completes a significant political shift. President Emilio Portes Gil is identified with the syndicalist peasants and miners, who have been numerically increasing, and are hostile to the trade unionists' Confederacion Regional Obrera Mexicana. The railroad men and some oil laborers are likewise enemies of the CROM. Mexico City labor, which was almost entirely CROM, has in part abandoned that organization. Both numerically

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and politically the CROM has been losing ground since the beginning of the Calles regime, when it was the biggest labor and political power, had a leader in the presidential cabinet, and strong representation in the legislature. It controlled municipal government in the capital and neighboring towns. Now it has none of these things. This is not entirely due to the change of presidents. Unions have been seceding from the CROM more and more frequently, on the ground of dissatisfaction with its leaders. They were accused of using their administrative power to barter in strikes, concessions, and labor decisions, and of attempting to bludgeon all labor into their ranks for the benefit of their own pockets. Labor hostile to the CROM and capital maintain that it has aggravated industrial instability. The new government proposes to favor industry and promises to guarantee the interests of all labor, but suggests that the less such organizations act as political parties the better.

THE COMIC-OPERA PRINCIPALITY of Monaco is in the midst of a comic-opera crisis. The entire parliament—twenty-one members—has resigned, and though revolution has been averted by the prompt action of the Prince (who lives in France!) the dust has not settled. Parliament is backed by the management of the Casino at Monte Carlo, which, in return for its charter, pays $450,000 a year to the government and maintains all public services, thus making taxation unnecessary. The only price Monacans pay for relief from taxes is that they are forbidden to enter the gambling establishment. Recently business has been bad at Monte Carlo and there is a deficit of about $600,000 in the Casino treasury. Public improvements, therefore, have suffered, and the "radical" element, with the slogan "Monaco for Monacans," forced Parliament out of office. There was talk of revolution among the more excitable of Monaco's 22,000 people, but the Prince issued a stirring proclamation. He called for loyalty from his subjects in the "economic crisis" and pointed out that it was no time to make revolution when a neighboring Casino was trying to beguile away visitors and their money. He refers probably to San Remo, just across the Italian frontier, where Mussolini has authorized roulette, although Nice and Cannes are also formidable rivals. Some great Power should send a cruiser manned by millionaires to set the roulette wheels of government turning once more at Monte Carlo.

LAWRENCE L. LEWIS, State's Attorney, and Carl Foster, judge of the Superior Court of Connecticut, did credit to the American bar and bench in the closing moments of the trial of Louis N. Leopold at Waterbury recently. Leopold was charged with arson, first-degree murder, and causing death by wilful burning of a building, all growing out of a fire in a structure owned by his wife in which two boys and an alleged firebug lost their lives last winter. The evidence against him, while strong, was almost entirely circumstantial. After five hours of deliberation, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty of arson, guilty of second-degree murder, and guilty of causing death by wilful burning of a building. Under the Connecticut law the death penalty is inflicted for first-degree murder and for causing death by wilful burning. Second-degree murder carries life imprisonment. State's Attorney Lewis, noting the discrepancy in the verdicts and believing that inasmuch as the jury had reduced the first-degree murder charge to one of second-degree it considered that the defendant ought not to be executed, conferred with Judge Foster. The judge gave him permission to address the jury, and he asked its members if they had realized that a charge of causing death by wilful burning of a building required either a sentence of death or an acquittal. The judge repeated the question, and the jury asked leave to reconsider, which was granted. A few minutes later a verdict of not guilty on this charge was returned.

THE BAN LAID recently by the Mayor of Boston upon a single performance in that city of the Harvard Dramatic Association's play "Fiesta" by Michael Gold brings once more to our attention the uncommon blessings of which the city is possessed. A single letter from an outraged parent was all that was necessary. The chief of the Cambridge police was able to assign immediately to the case two men officers and a policewoman indubitably capable of judging the play artistically and morally and to communicate their horrified report to the Mayor of Boston before it reached that city. The play performed in Cambridge by the association had been approved by an advisory committee including, among others, two professors, one of whom is now at Harvard University, while the other, at present at Yale, was formerly in charge of the Harvard dramatic department. No one of the reviews in the Boston press of the first performance in Cambridge contained any hint of the dangerous qualities of the play; even the *Transcript* found it merely dull. No one would have expected that a Harvard professor would have been found in league with the editor of a radical New York magazine in an attempt to break down New England family life by means of a single performance in an obscure hall in Boston. We congratulate Boston upon this new proof of the tenacity with which it clings to its glorious traditions.

NOT ONLY TO NEW YORKERS but to every visitor in New York—and that includes a large proportion of the population—the Waldorf-Astoria stood for something unique among hotels of the metropolis. It was the first hotel de luxe, the first which boldly advertised 350 bathrooms to add to the convenience of its guests; in the days when the Holland House, the old Astor House, the Hoffman House, and the Brevoort were in their glory, it had a special splendid glory of its own. And in a short time, of these once-famous names only the Brevoort will remain bravely on its original site. For the Waldorf-Astoria has been sold; the once magnificent ballroom is to be turned over to wreckers, the 350 bathrooms will be sold for junk, the brilliance of Peacock Alley will finally fade away; in place of the famous hostelry a fifty-story office-building will stand. It is said often enough that in New York almost all of the old landmarks are gone. But surely none was more romantic than those connected with the Astor family. The great chateaus which visitors to Fifth Avenue once gaped at are gone these several years; the Waldorf-Astoria itself was built to replace William Astor's fine house on the same site. Thus landmarks cover landmarks. Only in the memory of rapidly aging men and women will there presently be any trace of the Waldorf, where kings and queens and at least one Prince of Wales, not to mention countless lesser fry in the shape of dukes and earls and rulers of finance, were guests.

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The "Unthinkable Thing"

"WAR with England? Why, that's an unthinkable thing!" This is what one hears when in any assembly one calls attention to the drift toward war between the two great Anglo-Saxon communities. "It just cannot happen." And so the matter is dismissed by the average person and the debate between the jingoes, the arm-chair strategists, and the admirals and generals on both sides of the water goes on. We may be a bit disturbed by the President's Armistice Day speech; we may even hear with uneasiness that this outburst produced a deep feeling of resentment in Great Britain for at least ten days and that its unhappy results are not yet allayed. But, in characteristic American fashion, we turn back to movies, radio, and the sports writers. After all, it is unthinkable. Why should we concern ourselves further about it?

As a matter of fact, war with England is not an unthinkable thing, and will never be unthinkable as long as our rulers contemplate the possibility of any hostilities whatever. There is historic proof of this. Thirty years ago this country was on the verge of war with England. Because of what? Some serious ill-treatment of American citizens? Some grave infraction of American rights? Some deadly aggression? Not at all. The trouble was over a boundary dispute in Venezuela, which had been going on for generations, as to which not one American in one hundred thousand had ever heard until Mr. Cleveland called attention to it in his annual message to Congress on December 3, 1895. In that document he discussed the question soberly and quietly. Exactly two weeks later Mr. Cleveland returned from a week-end fishing trip on the Potomac and issued a special message so violent and so belligerent as to cause a panic on the Stock Exchange and to bring the United States to the verge of an armed conflict. He declared that it was "the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power" a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests by Great Britain in Venezuela. He extended the Monroe Doctrine to cover this controversy and showed that he was willing to go to war by the following sentence: "In making these recommendations I am fully alive to the full responsibility incurred and keenly realize all the consequences that may follow."

At once every jingo whooped it up for the President. The Republican leaders, headed by Lodge of Massachusetts, Chandler of New Hampshire, and others who had been denouncing and abusing the President for his every act in domestic affairs, rallied around him with joy—precisely as a similar group, still headed by Henry Cabot Lodge, suddenly found the hated and despised Woodrow Wilson very much to their liking when he agreed to put the United States into the World War. As *The Nation* remarked at the time of the Venezuela crisis, this willingness to rally around the President showed itself "only when it seems likely that he can be got to kill people and destroy property."

No more startling and surprising episode is to be recorded in our diplomatic history. The Cleveland war message came like lightning out of a clear sky. Nobody was prepared for it. To the best of our knowledge no satisfactory explanation has ever been offered for this sudden bellicosity of Cleveland, who up to that time had been a model in his foreign policy. Lest anyone think that we are exaggerating we would point out that all the Republican papers practically called for war, demanding an ultimatum. Senator Chandler gave six definite reasons why war with England was "inevitable," how it would "arise," "be forced," and "fought," how it should be "welcomed," and what its "sure result" would be. Henry Cabot Lodge had declared two months previously that "any appearance of British fleets and armies to coerce Venezuela will be a signal for war with the United States." Two admirals were, of course, in the front rank of those egging the country on to war. All the patriotic societies composed of descendants of those who had fought England before were ready at hand in the joyful occupation of twisting the British Lion's tail. Fortunately they were more civilized in London than in Washington. Though quite aware of the complete superiority of the English fleet, the Conservative and imperialistic Lord Salisbury chose the sensible, the humane, and the Christian course. Arbitration was suggested and accepted, and the decision rendered. The commission actually could not find the line for which Mr. Cleveland, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Theodore Roosevelt were so ready to go to war! The episode was closed, though not because war with Great Britain was "unthinkable." Nothing of the kind. War was avoided because the British statesmen kept their heads.

Unfortunately since that time the militaristic and jingo forces in this country have enormously increased in power and influence. We have a big navy and a military machine imbued with much of the spirit of the German militarism of 1914, and hoping for another fight. The navy is daily planning for war with Great Britain. The fifteen cruisers it demands—and should not receive—are planned to wage war on British trade routes, if war comes. The jingoes want their "day" on the seas against England, as much as did the German naval officers. They can unfortunately point correctly to the abortive English and French naval agreement; they can talk darkly about an alliance between England and Japan. A single flaming Presidential message, or a series of speeches, like Mr. Coolidge's Armistice Day utterance, and the fat would be in the fire. This is no exaggeration and no taking counsel of one's fears, but a simple narration of fact, as everybody is aware who has looked into the matter at all. The technique of deadly propaganda invented during the World War lies at hand. There are endless British "atrocities" in the War of Independence and the War of 1812 which can be dug up again, such as the murder of women and children in New London; the conduct of the English Government toward the North during the Civil War can be recalled. No; war with England is not "unthinkable." It is a possible contingency against which every right-minded man and woman in this country ought to be protesting. The danger will not be less, but if anything greater, when the belligerent Quaker, Herbert Hoover, enters the White House.

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"The Well of Loneliness"

JONATHAN CAPE recently published in London a novel called "The Well of Loneliness" by a woman writer named Radclyffe Hall. It is not likely that the book would have attracted much attention had it not been for the fact that a sensational newspaper saw in it an opportunity and that its editor devoted a whole page to a flamboyant denunciation. Those who sought out the novel after reading his lurid account of its pestilential character, and of the wave of depravity certain to follow its circulation, were undoubtedly disappointed to discover only a very mild and decorous story, but the Home Secretary, taking the safest course for a politician, pronounced against it and the publisher withdrew the book. Immediately thereafter copies were imported into England from France and after some consideration the customs authorities decided that it was inoffensive. No sooner, however, were these copies put on sale than the case was brought before a magistrate's court, and the magistrate ruled that though the treatment was in itself entirely decent the theme of Lesbianism was per se criminal if utilized in fiction.

An American publisher has just issued an edition here.* The redoubtable Society for the Suppression of Vice has taken it under advisement, and has unofficially assumed the same position as the English magistrate. It maintains, that is to say, that though there is nothing obscene in the language of the book, and nothing immoral in its conclusion, the subject is in itself and under any conditions criminally indecent. There is every likelihood, therefore, that events will follow the same course here as in England, and the case is of more than usual importance in view of the fact that it involves an effort to introduce a new principle into the laws against obscenity.

Hitherto certain gross expressions have been considered criminal, but there has been no attempt to deny to any book the right to a hearing on its own merits as a particular case. No subject has been in itself taboo, and the question has always been considered to be whether or not the treatment was such as to debauch the reader. To enact a new law or to reinterpret the existing one in such a way as to forbid certain subjects as subjects would be exactly analogous to so modifying the law against sedition as to make it criminal to advocate any change in government even though there was nothing in such advocacy which would tend to inspire criminal action on the part of the reader.

After the suppression in New York City of Bourdet's play "The Captive," a new State law was enacted which forbids any play which deals with sexual perversion. The law was evidently intended to apply only to the stage and, as a matter of fact, printed copies of "The Captive" have been freely circulated. But the new law was a move in a certain direction, and there is every likelihood that "The Well of Loneliness" will be made the occasion of an attempt to extend this specific prohibition to the novel. It is the opinion of *The Nation* (1) that Radclyffe Hall's book deals in an intelligent, unsensational, and entirely proper way with the unhappy life of a woman struggling against perverse tendencies and is well worth while to call public attention to the badly misunderstood plight of many, many men and women; (2) that any attempt to declare any subject of human interest and social significance as per se undiscussable is not only to further confuse the already difficult subject of criminal obscenity, but also to promote a socially dangerous obscurantism.

*"The Well of Loneliness." By Radclyffe Hall. With an Appreciation by Havelock Ellis. Covici-Friede. $5.

The Influenza Mystery

THE epidemic of influenza which began on the Pacific Coast in November has swept eastward and taken in the whole country, bringing illness to more than a million people. Scores of colleges and schools have closed and several hundred thousand productive workers have been temporarily withdrawn from industry. In spite of the seriousness of this epidemic, and in spite of the great advances of modern bacteriology, we do not know what causes influenza—and until we know the cause, the various attempts to find a cure are obviously futile.

The one thing that doctors agree upon is that influenza seems to be caused by a germ. The disease spreads like a germ disease and in truth it resembles many other germ diseases, but the name and pedigree of the parasite are still lacking. Several times during the great epidemic of 1918-1919 various medical authorities announced that the influenza germ had been isolated, but in every case it was discovered subsequently that they were wrong. All the germs which have been identified as present in certain cases of influenza have also been found to be absent in other cases. The germ which was discovered in 1893 and for a long time held responsible for the spreading of the disease has since been acquitted of all crimes except association with bad company. The researches of the Pasteur Institute during the 1918-1919 epidemic indicate that the influenza virus is invisible.

Medical men and laymen have both made many wild guesses concerning the influenza mystery and its cure. Little black masks were worn by many people over the nose and mouth during the Great War epidemic, and these masks are still to be seen in Japan. Nowadays medical authorities scoff at such masks and consider fumigation of houses a waste of time. A London medical committee announced in 1919 that influenza microbes attack the human body according to a definite time schedule, with thirty-three weeks in each cycle. Certain Paris doctors declared during the war that silk and open-work stockings were responsible for the physical weakening that allowed the invasion of influenza germs, whereupon Royal S. Copeland unearthed statistics to show that young men were more susceptible to influenza than young women.

Fortunately the present epidemic is not nearly so serious as the one of 1918, since pneumonia has developed in comparatively few cases. Whether this is due to a difference in the germs which caused the two epidemics or a difference in the resistance of the population is not known. The recent revolutionary discoveries in the field of tuberculosis lead one to distrust all assumptions that are not proved to the hilt. Tuberculosis was once supposed to be inherited and the children of tubercular people were held to be poor

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insurance risks. Great precautions were advocated to prevent infection by tubercular germs in the air. Now it is believed that virtually everybody is infected with tubercular germs and that in the case of children in tubercular families the infection commonly acts as an immunizing force.

In the absence of any definite proof of the nature of influenza the present rush to close schools is of doubtful value. Children may easily find in the hours away from school exposures and risks that are quite as serious as those of the classroom. For millions of city people the common injunction to stay away from crowds is ludicrous in its impossibility of fulfilment. We live, move, and snuffle in crowds whether we will or not—and in the subways of New York we breathe in our neighbors' faces with undisturbed serenity because there is no other place to breathe.

Nevertheless there are certain rules of personal hygiene which may serve to check the spread of the epidemic. Some of these rules were announced by health authorities in 1919, and we print herewith an abstract of them:

> The person who coughs or sneezes discharges a spray more deadly than bullets or poison gas, unless the mouth and nose are covered by a handkerchief. The hands of a person who has a running nose, a cold in the head, or influenza are smeared with germs. Therefore if you must shake his hand or handle any article he has touched, avoid touching your lips, nose, or eyes until you have carefully washed your hands. Sterilize glasses and eating utensils by washing them in boiling water, and never touch your lips to the mouthpiece of a public telephone. To avoid infecting your child do not kiss it near its mouth. Do not visit anyone who has influenza or pneumonia, and keep any influenza patient in a separate room with separate eating utensils. Above all avoid overwork, lack of sleep, and unventilated rooms.

These are good rules—and if any readers of *The Nation* can escape influenza by strict obedience to them they have our unmitigated envy.

Adventure Afloat

THERE is no more adventure at sea, one hears it said sometimes. Pirates have disappeared, while cannibal islands have been civilized to the point of offering the shipwrecked mariner a dry shirt and feeding (instead of feeding upon) him. Ships no longer loaf around the world on long voyages, poking their noses into strange ports in search of cargo. The trade of the world has been organized into fixed routes, over some single one of which nearly every vessel shuttles back and forth monotonously.

The argument is more plausible than profound. Every age has thought adventure to have been more abundant in some previous one. Neither the buccaneers nor the New Bedford whalers conceived of themselves as engaged in adventure; it was a grinding hard way of making a living. A hundred years hence the life of a deckhand on a New York City ferryboat may appear as the height of romance. But even judged by conventional standards there is still adventure at sea. For proof we turn to a most unlikely quarter—one of the services of the federal government—and draw our material from the sober pages of the Annual Report of the United States Coast Guard, 1928. The stated duty of this service is to patrol the Alaskan coast, enforcing the international seal-and-fisheries convention of 1911. But, besides, the vessels transport government officers, school-teachers, natives, destitutes, prisoners, and others; carry mail and freight to isolated settlements; provide medical and dental treatment; aid vessels in distress; settle differences between employers and employees; and assist in administering justice. In carrying out these duties in 1927 five coast guard cutters cruised 46,000 miles, transported 381 persons, gave medical aid to 192 persons, boarded 147 vessels, and aided 7 vessels.

There is a variety and human touch in that which constitutes adventure in the true sense, and the brief logs of the five vessels which engaged in this service in 1927 add details to confirm the statement. Of the cutter Haida we read that she

> left Dutch Harbor and proceeded to the westward, in search of the schooner Everett Hays, which was overdue at Unalaska, and anchored off Nikolski at 6.45 p. m. the same day. The Everett Hays was found submerged in the inner harbor, her condition being beyond salving. The crew of the schooner was taken on board for transportation to Unalaska. The cutter left Nikolski at 8.50 p. m. in search of two native trappers who had been left at Yunaska Island, stopped off the island May 17, and took aboard the two natives.

The Haida arrived at False Pass cannery dock on August 24, and the medical officer went ashore to visit a sick man. He needed constant attention and so was taken aboard the cutter. He died a few days later at sea.

> In answer to an emergency call, the cutter left Dutch Harbor on August 27 and proceeded to the Akutan whaling station. The surgeon went ashore and found that a native employee had fallen on a knife and cut his arm to the bone, severing the arteries. The surgeon afforded the necessary treatment. The body of the man who had died aboard the cutter was left at the whaling station for shipment on the S. S. Victoria.

In regard to the cutter Unalga we read:

> At Uzinki the medical officer went ashore and afforded treatment to a girl who had diphtheria. Uganik village was found to be deserted and Uyak almost deserted. At Perryville it was learned that 18 children, most of whom were under 3 years of age, had died during a recent visitation of whooping cough. On May 12, at the time the cutter stopped there, Perryville was practically deserted, the community having moved in a body to Squaw Harbor, where work is obtainable during the summer at the P. A. F. cannery.

Later in the season there was a stop at Bogoslof Island to investigate the volcano there.

> A herd of sea lions, numbering three or four hundred, were sighted on the north beach. Bird life, especially on Grewink Rock, was most prolific. The lagoon had a temperature of 76°. A new crater had risen in the center of it from which a great quantity of steam emanated.

On June 26, after delivering mail and freight and landing eleven native passengers, "A party was given on board the cutter for the children of Atka." Even at this distance of time and space we enjoy that party—and we are betting $10 to a rotten apple that the kids enjoyed it too.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

I AM asked to write a piece on "What's the matter with *The Nation.*" Once I lost a job for something much like that, but easy come easy go. Accordingly, I hazard the opinion that *The Nation* suffers chiefly from the fact that it is edited by gentlemen and, almost I fear, by ladies. These are not terms of approbation in my vocabulary. I think a journal of opinion serves the community best if it is not too finicky. Naturally one hopes to find it honest. Few have ever questioned the sincerity of *The Nation.* Nor am I contending that the magazine should go completely yellow. But I would like more gusto. Often *The Nation* moves speedily enough in the defense of good causes, but there is no one on the board of control who gives me the impression of actually enjoying the business of fighting. There is too much regard for the Queensberry tradition. I like to see a liberal journal get aroused to the point of yodeling into battle and of biting in the clinches when it gets there.

This has happened in the history of *The Nation,* but all too infrequently. After the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti the magazine carried across its front page the screaming slogan "Massachusetts the Murderer." It would be hard to justify completely this title which Mr. Villard chose for his article. It was at any rate an overstatement. But surely there is historical precedent for the use of hyperbole by all who would steer the world out of its current courses. The scheme of *The Nation* seems to be to intellectualize mankind closer to Utopia. That can't be done. Even the most logical scheme for betterment gets nowhere unless it is expedited by the oil of emotion.

I am not contending that Mr. Villard and his associates constitute a bloodless crew. There's marrow in them but over the entire organization there clings the malarial mist of good taste. This, of course, is a term which needs defining. Fashions in taste vary from year to year. *The Nation* abides by the standards which animated the old *Evening Post* in the days of Mr. Villard's leadership. Clearly it is his intention to be both radical and respectable. And this, I hold, is a difficult combination. In justice to *The Nation* it must be admitted that patriotic organizations here and there have regarded it as inflammable and as undoubtedly in the pay of Soviet Russia. But such compliments are not deserved. For the most part *The Nation* has spoken softly and carried a swagger stick.

If it could have been married to the old *Masses* something of great quality might have been derived from the union. From the radical rag a necessary rowdiness could have been inherited, while on the other side Mr. Villard's prejudices against the newer art and poetry for once would not have been amiss. I am aware that the marriage of which I speak would have entailed great difficulties. *The Nation,* to be sure, is a liberal rather than a radical weekly. To me liberalism is by no means a burnt-out political philosophy, but all liberal leaders in America must face the charge that they have done little more than take radicalism and dilute it with cold water. My advice to *The Nation* would be to go ahead every now and then and be outrageously unfair and violent and decidedly ribald. No journal of protest is doing its job unless it gets barred from the mails once and so often.

The Nation is in special need of ribaldry. Here is a reform magazine in which the canons of good taste are almost as rigorous as those of the Boston *Transcript.* When Mr. Villard first gave me sanctuary within his pages and promised that I should have my say without let or hindrance I was grateful. I may have also been a little suspicious, for such promises are more easy to make than to keep. But a close friend of the magazine informed me I need have no fear. This time liberty did mean license. One warning he gave me. "You and Mr. Villard think sufficiently alike," he told me, "not to clash. There is only one point upon which you are likely to get into trouble. It is quite possible that you may write something which he will regard as dirty. Mr. Villard has an extremely conservative point of view with respect to obscenity."

But, as a matter of fact, the issue never came up. Soon after beginning on the paper I made a test case. In reviewing "The President's Daughter" I strove to be a little rowdy in my language. Nothing was altered and nobody told me not to do it again. Rather sadly Mr. Villard showed me several letters from old subscribers who complained that for the first time they had seen something in the pages of *The Nation* calculated to bring a blush to any proper cheek. Mr. Villard had gone through with his part of the bargain and I never tried him in this way again. Although I knew that he would allow me I, too, have my inhibitions and it is not possible for me to hurt a friend too much.

At this point I must digress a moment to avoid the charge of smugness. In saying that *The Nation* lacks gusto and ribaldry I have no intention of suggesting that I am just the proper person to supply these missing ingredients. I have a phobia in open places and vastly fear to find myself beyond the usual fences. I was thinking of somebody about like Mike Gold but less windy. However, I hope it will not be considered swanky if I maintain that I am much less the gentleman than Oswald Garrison Villard. It is a curious piece of casting which finds him head, and also body, of the most effective rebel periodical in America. It seems to me that *The Nation* deserves the title even though it is far less than the journal of a dream. In so many respects Mr. Villard is an extremely conservative man.

Once at a conference, I remember, the managing editor asked him if he could write a piece on Charles E. Hughes and turn it in on the following morning. He pleaded an engagement which would keep him busy through the evening. Pressed as to the nature of the date which took him away from *The Nation's* business he finally admitted that he had tickets for the Winter Garden. And the managing editor, with a shrewdness one would not have expected in a girl so young, replied, "Well, never mind the article in that case. I think it would be better for the magazine to have Mr. Villard go to the Winter Garden than sit up with Charles E. Hughes."

But Oswald Garrison Villard has not yet paid a sufficient number of visits to the Winter Garden. In fact his schedule ought to include as well the Dizzy Club, the

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Whoopee, and the Jungle Room. These are not the wells of wisdom but such contacts do belong as post-graduate work in the curriculum of any integrated personality. I regard it as sheer tragedy that one of the ablest progressive editors in America is a total abstainer. Or thereabouts. This fact does influence certain important decisions of *The Nation*. For instance in the last campaign there were many logical reasons why the magazine should support Thomas rather than Smith. Still, Mr. Villard leaned toward Smith. That, in my opinion, was the way *The Nation* should have gone. It never did, or at any rate not in whole-hearted fashion and I believe the hitch lay in the fact that Oswald Garrison Villard could not quite bring himself to enthusiastic support of a man who was said to drink highballs. Put vine leaves in Villard's hair and the circulation of *The Nation* would reach 200,000 before the year was out.

This article may seem to be less "What is wrong with *The Nation*" than "Why Villard is less than Lincoln." I don't see how that can be avoided. *The Nation* is Oswald Garrison Villard. No other personality animates it. Even if we could make the boss a bit more rakish one other important reform would still be necessary. Intrenched capital he would tear down. All the pat slogans of militaristic patriotism he abhors. Where the Constitution pinches human liberty Villard would amend it. But he won't change type styles. A font is a shrine to him and though *The Nation* may preach what seems to some little less than red rebellion it will always appear in a frock-coated form.

This may not be a defect. I'll grant that the point is debatable. Possibly it is not necessary to get down to shirt-sleeves in order to ascertain what is wrong with the world. But I think it is. I take issue with Chesterton who once maintained that in order to be a successful radical a man should be 90 per cent conservative. In the matter of editors the reverse appeals to me. The boss of a progressive weekly might be allowed a dislike for modern music or painting or he could be a slave of tradition in the matter of his stamp collection. In all other respects I should like to see him go the whole hog. Political radicalism in America has been for the most part carried on by personalities split in twain. Bryan who headed the Middle-Western revolt was always a stern fundamentalist in his religious views. Roosevelt who created the Bull Moose Party could not abide the thought of birth control. This may seem to some not inconsistent, but I feel that political action is never more than half the problem of reform. A rebel must be a man dissatisfied with many things in addition to the law of the land.

So far Oswald Garrison Villard has been treated as a static personality. As a matter of fact I never expect to find him addicted to big headlines or flamboyant pictures on the cover of his magazine. But old associates tell me that he changed enormously within the last few years in his views about the younger generation—to use a convenient phrase. It may be that the visit to the Winter Garden did accomplish something. I still think he should go again.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Who Commands the Officers' Reserve?

By HARRY F. WARD

THE commander of the local post of the American Legion was explaining his action to the chairman of the International Relations Committee of the Woman's Club and the lecturer from out of town. Obviously he was not particularly pleased with himself or very proud of what he had done. He made it clear that it was not of his own initiative, but under specific instructions by resolution adopted, that he had waited upon the officers of the woman's club in company with the ex-commander. They had made no threats of interference with the lecture, as similar representatives from the same post had two years before, thereby securing the cancelation of that speaker. They had merely presented a dossier of alleged information about the lecturer who was coming, with the intimation that surely the woman's club was not so unpatriotic as to allow a man of such reputation to speak to its members.

The commander was a young lawyer, of sufficient intelligence and training to realize, when it was pointed out to him, the nature of his position. He understood his breach of the code of his profession by condemning a man, unheard, on the basis of ex parte evidence. Also he was a good deal of a gentleman and had to go on living only a few doors away from the president of the woman's club. Yet to himself he had a final and sufficient justification. "I have English blood in me and I believe in giving the other fellow the right to speak. But I am a reserve officer of the United States army, on duty in peace time; and it is my duty to protect the government against subversive influences." Thus to the long line of those who in the sacred name of duty have taken away the liberties of others—Jesuits, Puritans, Communists, Fascists—are added reserve officers in the army of the land which was to "let freedom ring."

It avails little to point out that strictly speaking reserve officers are not on duty in peace time, that the government did not commission them to decide what are subversive influences or to take action against them. It is the very exaggeration and misdirection of the sense of duty that make the task increasingly sacred. Such extra labors of love are all the more dutiful. Behind them is the enthusiasm of the volunteer, the fervor of the missionary. Moreover they claim official sanction, by inference.

When the commander was asked why he had said that some of the statements he had submitted concerning the lecturer had come from Washington, whereas on cross-examination he admitted that they had come from a reserve officer in another city, his reply was: "Captain ——— is like myself a reserve officer. He is in the military intelligence service, and it is to be presumed that he gets his information direct from military intelligence headquarters in Washington." Is there any justification for this presumption?

It is, of course, one of the tactics of our unofficial censors to claim government authority for their statements. This sometimes turns out to be the vituperative meanderings of some verbose representative in the *Congressional Record*,

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But sometimes the refuge is that the source cannot be revealed. Thereby the sense of danger is heightened and the power of the censor increased. It is, however, a matter of common knowledge that reserve officers are constantly receiving communications from Washington after the manner of those that salesmen and branch agencies get from their firms. Such practice is one manifestation of business efficiency in government. Under its stimulating influence we have acquired publicity bureaus for the army and navy, and they must keep themselves busy, among other things, putting "pep" into the civilian portions of our defense forces. Naturally these energizing communications from headquarters have not been entirely without reference to the menace to national defense of the machinations of the pacifists, who in their sentimental folly would leave the nation defenseless. This turn of events provided a golden opportunity for the propagandists of industrial reaction to cloak themselves and their real objectives in the garb of patriotism by showing how the pacifists were the dupes of the Reds, who, with diabolical cunning, were using them to make the country safe for invasion. So that now official military propaganda is in spots indistinguishable from unofficial patriotic-industrial propaganda in its confusion of pacifism with advocacy of social change, including even the mildest reforms. It is pertinent to recall that one of the first and craziest of the now notorious blacklists appeared in print in *Scabbard and Blade,* the organ of the honorary military fraternity of the R. O. T. C. in the colleges.

By the end of 1922 the country had apparently cooled off and agreed that the war was over. Its causes could be discussed with some objective regard to the evidence. Also prosperity was on the job. There was industrial discontent only in spots. The radical movement was pretty well shot to pieces. The farmers only were in a rebellious mood; but they were not marching on Washington and the election of 1924, on top of a good crop at a good price, put them to sleep for a while. Why, then, this sudden revival of the desire to suppress talk?

The only answer is that a few persons began to campaign against military training in high schools and colleges and particularly against the compulsory feature of it. This naturally aroused some army officers, both professional and amateur, of the kind to whom the word international is anathema. Also it gave the new publicity and efficiency crowd in army and navy headquarters a chance to show their quality. Then, all waiting to be fired up and started, were a number of reserve officers, particularly those in the intelligence section, who had saved their country once by the dangerous service of collecting all sorts of irrelevant and often incorrect information about their fellow-citizens. In the earlier anti-Red hunt their business beliefs and interests had coincided nicely with what they understood to be their duty to the government. Some of them had started gathering files of information about dangerous persons like those the government collected in war time, a duty which the War Department disavows and high army authorities discountenance in peace time. But to the military hotheads and to those who had once tasted the blood of the man-hunt their country was in peril again, this time from the slackers and the Bolsheviks. Once more they could see active service.

All these activities are without any official control. The Secretary of War disclaims any authority over reserve officers' associations. He says they are purely voluntary and absolutely unofficial. Yet these reserve officers who undertake to protect the government against subversive influences increase their sense of duty and importance by establishing in their minds a connection with Washington. And as long as their activities are to some degree stimulated by so-called military information, as long as they are not disavowed or rebuked by the Secretary of War or the Commander in Chief, these men are not without justification for their feeling and claim of official sanction. One of the ways in which the last war wiped out the distinction between combatant and non-combatant was in the matter of espionage. Formerly an army had spies to discover the plans of the enemy. Now it has an intelligence department to learn, among other things, all that it can about its own citizens who may be suspected by any of their acquaintances of not being ardent enough in support of the war. Naturally this department and its reserves turn their attention in days of peace to those who publicly oppose any part of the program of preparedness for war. Officially it may properly meet argument with argument, and that is all. Unofficially, regular army officers and reserve officers may and do use their title and prestige in the attempt to prevent the opponents of their ideas and plans from being heard. As to the regulars the Secretary of War says that such actions come within their rights as citizens. As to the reserves he says they are beyond his control when they act in and through their unofficial associations. So then reserve intelligence officers may do what regular intelligence officers may not do in peace time in the matter of gathering and using data about their fellow-citizens. We thus have a military force let loose in the land, deriving its power from its connection with the War Department, yet beyond the restraint of that department at a very vital point.

In so far as the blacklist movement roots in an attempt to suppress opposition to military training we have militarism with its duty and discipline attempting to dominate civil life through persons commissioned as reserve officers, but in this matter acting as civilians, with their actions disavowed by the War Department, whose extremists they represent. How much of a menace this situation may be depends upon how far it has gone, or may in certain circumstances go, among the reserves. At least it offers the possibility of a more effective militarism than the Dreyfus affair ended in France and the World War in Germany. Out in the open it would never be tolerated by the American people. But it can operate quietly and subtly through the very nature of the National Defense Act, which makes the reserve officers the core of any future emergency army. They are now scattered through every community, profession, and vocation. They are recruited from immature college lads of the type peculiarly susceptible to militarist ideals. Thus we have not only a high-power military propaganda machine but also material for a first-class instrument of repression. So unless we proceed rapidly with the outlawry of war and the fashioning of means for its avoidance, we may expect, as the experience of the Great War recedes, to have more and not fewer reserve officers who will find it their duty to attempt to stop speakers who oppose military training or whose views upon other subjects impinge upon what these officers conceive to be the interests of the national defense.

Shortly after the war, when a regular army officer at-

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tempted to interfere with the utterances and actions of certain other citizens in the matter of labor organization, he was promptly rebuked by the Secretary of War and ordered to desist. A similar action was taken in regard to the famous Spider Web Chart, which linked up persons and organizations of various views and interests in the common charge of antagonism to the plans for national defense and disloyalty to the government, these two things being synonymous to the militarists and the highly emotional patriots. But today some of our reserve officers proceed unhindered to stop speakers from being heard because of their views on foreign policy or economic questions. This change is some evidence that preoccupation with national defense inevitably develops the militarist mind.

The unlikeliness of any such development among a people with our traditions is decreased by the alliance of the incipent militarists with the reactionary section of the business world. The executives of those organizations which represent the type of employer and owner who is opposed to anything that interferes with money making, from trade unions to child-labor legislation, had a very satisfying time during the post-war anti-Red hunt. They were patriotically cooperating with the Department of Justice, or at least with some of its executives who have since achieved more unpleasant notoriety, in scaring business stiff over the imminent revolution. When that scare subsided, the piping days of peace naturally were dull. The campaign against military training started by a few educators and clergymen came as a godsend to these propagandists of reaction. With their keen sense of publicity values they saw at once another idea that would "get their stuff across." It was an idea that would work two ways. In one and the same shout they could demonstrate their own patriotism and pin the label of disloyalty on those who were interfering with money-making by talking everlastingly about reforms of one sort or another. So these industrial-defense organizations were mobilized to protect this weak nation from the powerful pacifists.

But the resultant picture in the heads of the public is a strange mess. Back in the days of post-war depression the energetic secretary of a Middle West organization of business men bethought himself that an excellent way to offset the inquiry of the Interchurch World Movement into the steel strike would be to cry aloud that its executives were subsidized from Moscow. That bit of enthusiasm cost him his job. Today that same mad lie is constantly circulating through the business world in various propaganda sheets about the sober, watchful elders of the Federal Council of Churches. Do they not desire a warless world? Have they not on occasion said mild words about the improvement of industry?

It is this weird confusion of fact and fancy, this illogical, hyper-imaginative characterization, that makes such a hodge-podge of the blacklists jointly concocted by aggressive industrialists and overcharged patriots. Thus in the list that is supposed to shape the attitudes and guide the conduct of the cream of the R. O. T. C. graduates, one man is described as author of "The Church's Debt to Heretics," another as interested in Negro schools, still another as having been in England studying workers' education and industrial relationships. All the other lists show a similar inclusion of items not ordinarily of concern to the military mind or to have anything to do with patriotism and loyalty.

Thus the subversive movements against which it is the duty of certain reserve officers and volunteer patriots to protect the government come to include all those who differ from them in public policy, certainly all movements in the interest of labor, all attempts to limit the privileges and curb the powers of property. This identification of one's own vocational or class interest with the government is no new thing in history. But the democratic experiment was supposed to prevent the state from becoming the expression and defense of the economic interest of any class.

Certainly Congress did not pass or the nation approve the National Defense Act for the purpose of defending the government against its internal foes, which is what the more aggressive militarists are now saying is the main reason for enforcing and strengthening it, at the same time claiming for themselves the dangerous right to identify these foes. Certainly reserve officers were not commissioned to set themselves up as censors of what may safely be heard by their fellow-citizens. The main argument for the reserve-officer feature of the Defense Act was that it avoided professional militarism, which it was then popular to say, with Germany as the example, was the antithesis of democracy. But if the reserve officers are to use the prestige and power of their military connection to prevent or denounce discussion of political and economic change, then a citizens' army becomes the most insidious and destructive form of militarism, using its power not to fasten a military clique upon the state but to perpetuate the privileges of the class from which the officers are almost entirely drawn. A regular army, seeking to increase the efficiency and enlarge the power of its profession, will be less likely to damage the democratic community than a host of amateurs, interpreting their duty to the government in terms of their own interests or those of their particular section of the community.

Such use of the powerful motivation of military duty throws the discussion of social change back into the area of conflict from which the democratic process is supposed to withdraw it. Thus it is demonstrated that military procedure cannot be democratized, that even a citizens' army is inimical to the development of a democratic community. Irresistibly it tends to become the means of perpetuating existing control. This is equally true for a labor or a capitalist state, for Moscow or for Washington.

The question then for a people who desire the development of democracy and yet feel that their present need requires an army is whether they can recognize and then check this tendency. This responsibility would seem to rest heavily upon those who so earnestly believe that adequate military and naval defense is now necessary for this nation and that the present act is the best method of providing it. It would appear to be incumbent upon them to invoke military discipline to prevent officers, both regular and reserve, from interfering as officers in non-military matters and from seeking to suppress or prevent discussion of military policies. If this cannot be done it will be necessary for the nation to inquire whether we want such national defense, if suppression of liberty is the price of it. If the high cost of preparation for war is to be written not only in taxes but also in the loss of freedom, what do we gain thereby? If it is necessary to be enslaved in order to be properly defended we would do well to remember that to be without defense is after all only a risk.

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China, Japan, and Manchuria

By SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

A SERIES of three articles by Thomas F. Millard has appeared in recent issues of *The Nation,* dealing with China and Japan with special reference to Manchuria. Mr. Millard descries a certain political project in Japan's recent moves, and charges her on the one hand with the murder of Chang Tso-lin in the North and on the other hand with persistent hostility toward the Nationalists in the South. He informs us that Manchuria and Shantung are under the armed occupation of Japan, and sixty million Chinese are about to pass under her rule; he warns the world that it may yet see another great war, staged by Japan, and engulfing all the nations bordering on the Pacific.

I agree with Mr. Millard that the motives and crimes of a government are difficult to prove. If the Japanese Government, in sending troops to Shantung, Hopei, and Manchuria during those turbulent months preceding the capture of Peking by the Nationalist army, had had any such ulterior motive as ascribed to it by Mr. Millard, I myself neither know it nor can prove its non-existence. However, the actual circumstance in which the Japanese Government took action is clear; its professed intention in doing so is plausible and legitimate. I undertake to dwell on this point a little because the dispatching of troops to these places constitutes the main evidence for Mr. Millard in his contention that Japan is possessed of a political project in China.

The victorious march of the Nationalist army, which started from Canton in the summer of 1926, was accompanied, or often preceded, as at Hankow, by serious labor disturbances and anti-foreign demonstrations and uprisings originating from the Communist leaders, then notoriously powerful in the Nationalist camp. Foreign residents along the Yangtze River were placed in a desperate position, being exposed to the danger of indiscriminate Chinese attacks but unprovided with adequate safeguards by their governments, which were more or less reluctant to take effective measures for fear of precipitating more and graver outbreaks. The split that occurred in the Nationalist Party shortly after the fall of Hankow, and the armed conflict that ensued between the factions, aggravated the situation, culminating in the Nanking incident of March 27, 1927.

The Japanese Government had hitherto maintained a friendly attitude toward the Nationalists and shown considerable patience and moderation in face of repeated outrages suffered by its nationals at Hankow and Shanghai. Even at Nanking, while the British and American gunboats bombarded the city, the Japanese refrained from firing. Nevertheless, Japanese residents, including the consul and his wife, were attacked, robbed, and subjected to unspeakable brutality and indignities, as were the British and the American. The terrible news shocked Japan, and criticism became loud against the Government for failing to cope effectually with the Chinese situation. Japan's new Government headed by General Tanaka, which came into power in the early spring last year, was pledged to the so-called "positive policy" in China, which meant nothing more than a determined course of action in the protection of the lives and property of Japanese residents there. So later in the spring when quarrels were patched up in the Yangtze basin and the Nationals resumed their march Pekingward, the new government of Japan dispatched troops to Tsinan, Tientsin, and Mukden as a necessary and prudent move to forestall a repetition of any such incident as that of Nanking. Similar precautionary measures were adopted by other foreign Powers, not excluding America, which ordered the concentration of its Far Eastern fleet on Chinese waters and landed at Tientsin a greater number of marines than Japanese soldiers garrisoned there. A comparatively large force was sent by Japan to Shantung because thousands of Japanese residents were centered at Tsingtao and Tsinan and scattered along the railway connecting the two cities. But if Japan had ulterior designs on that province and had provoked that "clash" with the Southern army at Tsinan, in which many innocent Japanese men and women were murdered in the most diabolical manner, would she not have by all means maintained or even increased her troops there, instead of withdrawing, as she has withdrawn, battalion after battalion as the situation improved? In saying that because of some 6,000 men still stationed, pending the settlement of the Tsinan affair, the vast province of Shantung with its forty million inhabitants is under armed occupation of Japan, Mr. Millard exaggerates too highly the efficiency of Japanese soldiery.

Assassinations are everyday events in China. An assertion that Chinese killed Chang Tso-lin means nothing. But any suspicion that Japan might have done it supplies at once an extraordinary topic for international gossip. "Did Japan kill Chang Tso-lin?" Mr. Millard asks aloud. He is honest —he only asks. Then he offers a carefully arranged series of selected "items," calculated to produce in the reader's mind inevitably the desired answer, "Yes."

I remember well the excitement the news of Chang's mysterious assassination caused in Japan. Our newspapers were then full of just such items as those of Millard—conflicting testimonies and allegations, circumstantial evidences unauthenticated and unauthoritative, rumors and legends. It would not be difficult for me to select and arrange à la Millard some of these items and reply to him emphatically, "No." Only to be honest myself, I maintain that I do not know. I may add, however, that the official report of the Sino-Japanese Joint Commission of Inquiry, which may contain some authentic facts and evidences, was suppressed in deference to the wishes of the Chinese authorities, who did not care to have it published for reasons best known to themselves.

The world has long been led to the belief that Chang Tso-lin, the warlord of Manchuria, was an ally of Japan. Even as recently as last spring some people might have been readily persuaded that Chang Tso-lin had established himself in Peking with Japanese support in order to play Japan's game against the rest of China, especially the Nationalists. Now that he is dead, Mr. Millard states that, after all, Chang and Japan did not get along so well. We are told that the poor fellow just ran away from Japan to Peking—

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a strange thing to do for so sensible a man as Chang, leaving his home provinces to Japan, which he could no longer have trusted. But Mr. Millard is certain about it. And from the way he writes, he even seems to have overheard the Manchurian warlord gloomily muttering to his intimates that Japan was after him.

If Japan did not like Chang Tso-lin, why did she not allow the Nationalists to finish him instead of killing him herself, as Mr. Millard insinuates she did? Why did she not allow the Southern army to march straight up to the gate of Peking instead of obstructing its progress, as Mr. Millard charges Japan with having done in Shantung and elsewhere? Mr. Millard's answer would be that Japan disliked Chang Tso-lin and hated the Nationalists, but wanted both Shantung and Manchuria. If Japan wanted Manchuria and had so cunningly disposed of its master, why did she not grab that territory at the crucial moment of confusion, or at least assume a little stronger attitude toward the successor, young Chang Hsueh-liang, instead of just giving advice to him and permitting him to negotiate with the hated Nanking Government, and even to accept a place in its state council? Perhaps, Mr. Millard will say, "Japan is marking time." If so, when does she ever expect that time will come—by letting her own Prime Minister declare to the world more than once that she has no territorial designs in China, and having the same idea reiterated by her eminent and responsible public servants, such as Count Uchida and Ambassador Debuchi?

Mr. Millard's description of Japan's position and "property" in China, and especially in Manchuria, requires a few supplementary touches and rather drastic corrections in figures in order to make the picture complete and true. First of all, Mr. Millard denies Japan's special position and special interest with reference to China and Manchuria. He is wrong. In relation to my next-door neighbor I occupy a special position and have a special interest that a person ten blocks away has not. If his habits are bad, disorderly, quarrelsome, unsanitary, or even if he keeps cats which rob me of nightly sleep, or undisciplined dogs which insist on biting my little daughter, I may be bound to tender advice, while my distant friend may calmly look on. Japan, as immediate neighbor of China, occupies just such a special position; her interest in what happens in China is special in the sense that America's is not.

The Japanese residents in China, including Manchuria, are estimated to exceed 218,000. They number 20,000 in Shanghai, 5,000 in Tientsin, 2,000 in Tsinan, and as many in Hankow, to mention a few more important centers. The total Japanese investments in the aforesaid five cities alone amount to 500,000,000 yen, representing cotton, shipping, and other industries. There are numerous banks, shops, factories, schools, and hospitals, all operated by Japanese with Japanese capital. These people are there under provisions of the treaty Japan has with China, as there are fewer than ten thousand American merchants and missionaries under the provisions of a similar treaty that the United States Government has with China. But Japan's problem of protecting the lives and property of its nationals, so numerous and so widely scattered about, is not to be compared with the same problem that is faced by America.

In Manchuria and the leasehold of Kwangtung there are 170,000 Japanese besides 1,000,000 Korean settlers. The Government of Kwangtung up to the end of 1926 had expended over 223,000,000 yen. The hundreds of business corporations and private enterprises represent an investment of 578,000,000 yen. The loans of the Japanese banks to Japanese total 385,000,000 yen, and those to Chinese, 171,000,000 yen.

The South Manchurian Railway, according to Mr. Millard, is a thing that cost only $50,000,000 (or 100,000,000 yen). Moreover, it was laid by the Russians, and built up to the present value by Chinese, who use its cars for their rides and freight hauling; Japanese do not come in at all. The truth is that that company, since its organization by Japanese till the end of 1926, spent 757,000,000 yen, including 225,000,000 yen for the railway proper, 55,000,000 yen on harbor improvements of its terminal ports, 129,000,000 yen for the development of coal mines, 45,000,000 yen on its iron mine and steel plant. The company, in the same period, spent 16,000,000 yen for Mr. Millard's "military" hospitals, used thus far for the care of Japanese and Chinese civilian patients, and 14,000,000 yen on schools, some of them exclusively for the benefit of the Chinese. All in all, the total Japanese investments up to 1927 exceed 2,000,000,000 yen, or one billion dollars, a sum not to be despised by even America or Great Britain, least of all by Japan.

I admit the value of Chinese labor in producing the present prosperity in Manchuria. Let me repeat Mr. Millard: "If ten million Chinese had not moved into Manchuria in the last twenty years, the South Manchurian Railway would not be so good a property." In 1927 one million Chinese migrated into Manchuria. For last year double that number was expected. Why do not Chinese contribute their valuable labor to the building up of railways of their own in China proper? Why do they choose to pour by millions into the very territory in which the will of the wicked Japanese is said to be the sovereign power? Mr. Millard curiously twists around the cause and the effect.

It is Japanese energy and enterprise that have developed the resources of Manchuria and have provided work for the Chinese immigrant all along the railway, at the wharves, at the mines, and various factories and shops. The South Manchuria Railway, besides providing education, sanitation, and hospital facilities, conducts laboratories and experimental stations, distributes free seeds, teaches the farmers how to raise better and more crops. That is why those ten million Chinese have come to Manchuria. Again, without Japanese vigilance and effort to keep that region free from constant warfare that has devastated the rest of China, Manchuria could never have attained the present prosperity and prospects, nor become the land of promise for the war-and-famine-stricken multitudes of China. Japan's exertions toward the development of Manchuria, or the preservation of peace and order, are, of course, selfish. Two hundred thousand Japanese and the South Manchurian Railway are working for their own prosperity, while the Japanese Government's solicitude is directed primarily toward the safety and protection of its nationals. But millions of Chinese are incidentally and immeasurably benefited.

If Japan had ever entertained territorial ambitions in Manchuria or elsewhere in China, she has long given them up—and that quite definitely since the Washington Con-

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ference, at which she became party to the Nine Power Treaty, upholding China's territorial integrity and the principle of the "open door" and equal opportunity. Japan knows well the impossibility of deriving any profits nowadays from forceful annexation of foreign territory anywhere; and in China she is confident of her abilities to keep pace with other Powers in open competition, commercial or industrial.

Japan's attitude toward the Nationalist Government is divided between sympathy and apprehension, between idealism and practical considerations. There are many liberal-minded Japanese who have been warm sympathizers and supporters of the Nationalist movement, and who, believing in its essential soundness, are inclined to overlook even serious transgressions of its followers as inevitable extravagances attendant upon a fervent revolutionary process. The press and the enlightened public opinion have been so far on this side. On the other hand, there are many other Japanese who have actually suffered materially and even bodily from revolutionary extravagances on the part of the Chinese, and who are keenly apprehensive of further mischances to themselves and their interests; they condemn the irresponsibility and the lack of discipline in the Nationalist ranks, and mistrust the future of its present government and the movement behind it. And to a certain extent this misapprehension is shared by the Japanese Government, which serves to explain largely its attitude and actions of the past two years or so. The Japanese Government is run, as most governments are, on a practical basis. It will not take chances in the discharge of its first duty to protect the lives and property of its nationals abroad.

In Manchuria the Japanese Government, no matter what party is in power, will insist on the retention of Japan's rights and vast economic interests which she considers of vital importance to her national existence. Japan's concern there is not who rules that territory; she wants only peace and order. As long as Chang Tso-lin lived, and in the absence of a strong central government, she naturally had to establish working connections with him. Now that this man is dead, Japan will welcome the extension of any new Chinese authority to Manchuria on the sole condition that her rights and interests are duly respected and the Japanese people and their enterprises there are not molested.

No hostility exists in Japan toward Nationalist China. At the same time, side by side with a genuine popular sympathy for its aspirations and ideals, there lurks undeniably in certain quarters, including the government circles, a considerable amount of apprehension and misgiving as to what the Nationalist Party may do or may not do. And I dare say that this mistrust is as yet nearly world-wide. The task of overcoming this handicap and winning the confidence of the Powers devolves upon the present Government of Nanking, which can be accomplished not through its dexterity in propaganda or in the game of diplomacy, but through concrete demonstrations of its integrity, unity, and ability to set in order the big house that is China.

Are the Stockyards for Sale?

By ROBERT V. BEGLEY

ON July 3, 1918, the Federal Trade Commission filed a report covering its investigation of the meat-packing industry. Among its conclusions were the following:

> It appears that five great packing concerns of the country—Swift, Armour, Morris, Cudahy, and Wilson—have attained such a dominant position that they control at will the market in which they buy their supplies, the market in which they sell their products, and hold the fortunes of their competitors in their hands.
>
> The producer of live stock is at the mercy of these five companies because they control the market and the marketing facilities and, to some extent, the rolling stock which transports the product to the market.
>
> The stockyards are the depot markets through which practically all animals which move in interstate commerce pass. Ownership, partial or complete, of these markets is not only a source of great profit, but affords a fundamental business advantage.

The evidence upon which these findings were based was submitted by the commission to the Department of Justice. That department, on February 27, 1920, filed a bill in equity against the "Big Five" packers and others, alleging a violation of the federal anti-trust laws. On the same day the celebrated Packers' Consent Decree was entered in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. This decree required the packers, among other things, to dispose of their interests in stockyards and stockyards terminal railways. Some efforts to carry out the provisions of the decree were made between 1920 and 1923. Nothing in that direction appears to have been done since November, 1924, at which time the packers instituted proceedings to have the decree vacated. An order by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, denying that relief, was affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States on March 19, 1928.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court must be construed as holding the decree to be valid and enforceable. Therefore, unless the packers have already disposed of their stock, controlling interests in four or five of the largest stockyards in the country are for sale.

It is impossible to escape the conclusion that the producers of live stock are, or should be, vitally interested in the prospective disposition of these stockyards. The findings of the Federal Trade Commission, based upon a protracted and exhaustive investigation, charged them with notice of two vital facts. The first was that ownership of the stockyards was a source of great profit, and the second that such ownership gave the packers a fundamental business advantage. The absolute truth of the first of these findings was obvious. No one familiar with the prices charged by the stockyards companies could doubt it. The accuracy of the second finding was, in the nature of things, less obvious. However, subsequent developments were amply sufficient to justify it. If the finding was not true why did the packers not embrace the opportunity to disprove it? Why did they consent in-

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stead to a decree which necessarily assumed not only a fundamental business advantage, but an illegal one?

The opportunity for the stock producers to acquire the stockyards was unchallenged between February, 1920, and November, 1924. It has existed by virtue of the Supreme Court decision since March, 1928. Attorney General Daugherty, in a letter to the United States Senate dated March 8, 1924, stated that he believed it had been fully demonstrated by the report of the trustees that the producers perhaps could not, or at least would not, purchase the stockyards properties. The trustees referred to were the Hon. George Sutherland (now Justice Sutherland of the Supreme Court of the United States) and the Hon. Henry W. Anderson of Richmond, Virginia. These gentlemen were trustees of the stockyards stock owned by the packers and were invested with certain supervisory powers over the stockyards. It appears from a report made by these trustees to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia that they did not feel they were charged with the obligation either to sell or to suggest methods for the sale of the stockyards stock owned by the packers, but merely to keep informed of the progress made to that end. They did, however, submit certain suggestions as to the sale of the stock, and especially suggested that the same be advertised for public sale. The following advertisement was published in February, 1922, apparently in accordance with this suggestion:

PUBLIC OFFERING OF INTERESTS IN STOCK YARD COMPANIES

Under the plan for the disposition of stockyards interests, filed with and approved by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, the shares of stock owned by Armour and Swift groups in public stockyards market companies are offered for sale, subject to such terms and conditions as may be agreed upon between the owners and the purchasers and subject to the approval of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

The stock is offered subject to prior sale and to the right of the owners to reject, in whole or in part, any or all bids.

Bids will be received up to April First 1922 by the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, of Chicago, for such shares of stock as are owned by these groups in public Stockyards Market Companies.

The stock ownership of such groups in public Stockyards Market Companies includes also the Stock ownership in Stockyard Terminal Railways serving in the respective stockyards.

Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago

This advertisement appeared in certain New York and Chicago papers and in certain farm journals and market papers published in the cities where the stockyards are located. Undoubtedly, a considerable number of producers noticed the advertisement. It is unfortunate, however, that the notice did not give more detailed information and that a brokerage house was not commissioned to attempt the sale. If the latter course had been followed, it is probable that every live-stock producer in the country would have been informed, and quoted a specific price, based upon the past history and future prospects of the several companies. It is almost impossible to believe that the producers would not, in that event, have taken advantage of the opportunity.

It is possible now to examine the situation retrospectively. Taking the St. Paul yards as an example, the industrial reports show that the net earnings of that company from 1922 to 1927, and the dividends paid, were as follows:

	1922	1923	1924	1925	1926	1927
Net Earnings..	$746,403	$776,643	$775,935	$915,985	$1,053,549	$890,153
Dividends	.....	.....	700,000	720,000	720,000	630,000

In addition to this, a stock dividend of 60 per cent or $1,500,000 was paid in 1924, and a stock dividend of 25 per cent or $1,000,000 in 1927. Therefore, the producer buying ten shares in 1922 would own twenty shares in 1927, and in the meantime would have received very liberal returns on his investment. Of course, if the producers controlled the yards and operated them on the same basis as the packers do it would simply amount to taking money out of one pocket and putting it in the other. It is probable that a brokerage concern, intrusted with the sale of the stock in 1922, could have forecast the earnings with a fair degree of accuracy, and it is impossible to believe that the producers would not have taken advantage of the opportunity if presented in that light.

However, if the Supreme Court decision of March, 1928, means that the Consent Decree must be carried out, the same opportunity still exists, unless the packer-owned stock has been disposed of. The Supreme Court of the District of Columbia retains jurisdiction of the case and probably would permit individual producers or an organization representing them to intervene in the proceedings. In an appropriate hearing to determine the value of the stock the producers could determine if it was within their means to take over the yards. Surface indications point conclusively to their ability to do so. The value fixed by the St. Paul company upon its property is approximately $9,000,000. Its annual report for 1926 shows 88,279 cars of live stock received in that year. Therefore, if each shipper or shipping association were to contribute $100 for each car he or it shipped during that year, a fund sufficient to buy the yards at the company's own figure would be raised. This would be the equivalent of a milch cow, or perhaps two or three hogs out of each car, or less than the average expense assumed per car in the ordinary course of shipment. Of course, it does not follow that it would be necessary to raise this amount of money. In the first place, the value claimed is excessive. Secondly, the property would support a bond issue for a considerable amount. Furthermore, it would only be necessary that the producers acquire a majority of the common stock.

It appears from the findings of the Federal Trade Commission that Swift and Company did not pay anything for the $974,500 stock which it held in the St. Paul Union Stockyards Company in 1920, and that Armour and Company bought only $9,000 of the $609,000 which it held at that time in the same company. The holdings of the packers were materially increased since that date, but the great bulk, if not all, of the increase was due to stock dividends. It follows, therefore, that viewed from a cost standpoint, the value of the packers' holdings is practically nothing. Possibly the court might rule that this factor has no bearing on the question of value. It serves one purpose, however, in that it shows that the stockyards were really built by the producers and donated by them to the packers, and it demonstrates that the producers would profit by having the rate-making powers, incidental to ownership, in their own hands.

Another matter having a direct bearing on the value of the stock is the present tendency of the packers to engage in direct country buying. There is an apparent conflict of in-

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terest here which is not readily understandable. However, if the packers choose to reduce the receipts at the stockyards by direct buying, with a consequent reduction in revenues and dividends, that factor should be considered in determining the value of the stockyards companies' stock.

At least one important consideration remains. The prosperity of the stockyards companies and the stability of their revenues are, in a large measure, due to the fact that they have heretofore asserted and maintained the right to monopolize the sale of feed in the stockyards. If that right were successfully assailed the charges paid by live-stock shippers for hay, corn, and bedding would be regulated by competitive conditions. The charges would inevitably be lowered; the profits of the stockyards companies would shrink proportionally, and the value of their securities should also decline. It is, of course, obvious that no one except the stock producer could hope successfully to challenge the monopolistic right now exercised. Whether the producers could do so or not is a question beyond the scope of this discussion.

One thing is sure. The agricultural interests need entertain no hope for farm relief by the new Administration, along the lines of the McNary-Haugen bill. The President-elect has made it clear that in his opinion the farmers' salvation must be worked out by the application of sound American business principles. The Consent Decree has dangled a wonderful "business opportunity" before their eyes for the last eight years. The application of sound business principles would transfer the ownership of the stockyards to the producers at their own price. A continued application of the same principles would unfold extraordinary opportunities.

Mooney and Billings Are Innocent*

By FREMONT OLDER

San Francisco, December 12

THERE are two innocent men serving life sentences in our State penitentiaries. One is Thomas Mooney at San Quentin and the other is Warren Billings at Folsom. They were convicted of having exploded a bomb on Steuart Street, San Francisco, July 22, 1916, while the preparedness parade was passing. Ten people were killed. More than twelve years have passed since these men were arrested and they have been in prison all this time. They had no more to do with the commission of this crime than you or I. But the story of how they were wrongfully convicted and why they are still in prison would fill several volumes and will probably never be written. History has no record of a greater injustice than was the conviction and imprisonment of these two men.

Previous to the commission of this crime Mooney had been an active labor agitator and had aroused the hatred of the big corporations here and the prosperous class generally. So when the bomb exploded, causing so many deaths, it was not a difficult matter to fasten the crime on Mooney. It was through the influence of a detective now dead, employed by two of the big corporations, that the district attorney was induced to cause the arrest of Mooney and Billings, and owing to the big rewards that were offered for the apprehension of the criminals it was not difficult to find people who were willing to perjure themselves.

I have no time to go into the details of how these various witnesses were framed through the efforts of the district attorney's office and the police, but Mooney was convicted through the testimony of two women known in the case as the Edeaus, mother and daughter, dressmakers living in Oakland; John McDonald, a ne'er-do-well waiter; and F. C. Oxman, a prominent cattleman who lived in Oregon.

Oxman testified that he was standing on the corner of Steuart and Market Streets and saw an automobile drive up to the curb. There were five people in this machine, according to Oxman—Mooney, Billings, Mrs. Mooney, Weinberg, and another man that Oxman described as a man with a bristly mustache. Oxman testified that Mooney and Billings took a suitcase with them when they left the machine and walked over with it to Steuart Street. This suitcase was supposed to contain the bomb.

We now know that no such automobile came down Market Street at all that afternoon. We also know that at the time Oxman said he saw Mooney at Steuart and Market Streets, Mooney and Mrs. Mooney were sitting on top of the Eilers Building, on Market Street beyond Seventh, a mile away, viewing the parade. There are more than thirty living witnesses who will testify now that they saw both of these people on the roof of the Eilers Building, not only before the parade started but all through its progress. Billings has just as complete an alibi as Mooney and Mrs. Mooney have. None of them knew anything about the crime, or were anywhere near the place where it was committed. But it took a long time for these facts to be ascertained—long after the conviction of Mooney and Billings and the acquittal of Mrs. Mooney.

Mooney was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Billings was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment because Assistant District Attorney James Brennan, who prosecuted him, refused to go on with the prosecution unless he was permitted to ask the jury not to hang Billings. Brennan had no confidence in the case, and strongly suspected the evidence had been framed. Some months after these men were convicted, a man named Rigall furnished the attorneys for the defense with letters he had received from F. C. Oxman, the cattleman, asking him to come to San Francisco and corroborate his testimony. Oxman, who had offered himself to the prosecution, was not in San Francisco at all when the crime was committed, and when the district attorney asked him who would testify that he was here, he replied that he saw that afternoon an old friend of his named Rigall, from Grayville, Illinois, and that they spoke to each other. The district attorney told him to bring Rigall out here. It was then that Oxman wrote these letters to Rigall, urging him to come. Rigall came, but declined to commit the monstrous perjury that was expected of him. Oxman then testified without Rigall as a corroborating witness.

* This is the substance of a speech delivered by Mr. Older over the radio on December 12.

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After seeing these men alight from the car, he said, he thought they had stolen something, so he walked around to the rear of the car and wrote down its number on an old telegram he had in his pocket. He produced this telegram in court. It was all very convincing, as Oxman was a complete surprise to the defense and they had had no time to investigate. The defense was simply overwhelmed by this evidence, and Mooney was convicted.

After the defense had secured the Oxman letters, further investigations were made and it was discovered that Oxman was in Woodland when the bomb was exploded. He had arrived in Woodland that morning from Portland, on the Oregon Overland, and had registered at the Burns Hotel in Woodland. He stopped off there to see a cattle and sheep man named Hatcher, who had some stock for sale. He went out into the country with this man, and after buying some of his stock, had lunch with the Hatchers that day, and Hatcher and his wife drove him to the 2:10 train, leaving Woodland for San Francisco. Instead of being at the corner of Steuart and Market Streets when the bomb exploded, Oxman was standing at the station in Woodland waiting for the westbound San Francisco train. He arrived here that evening at 5:25.

Even before these facts were known President Woodrow Wilson sent a commission to San Francisco, headed by Felix Frankfurter, professor of law at Harvard University, to investigate. Their report threw so much doubt on the guilt of Mooney and Billings that Woodrow Wilson telegraphed Governor Stephens and urged him to commute Mooney's sentence from death to life imprisonment.

It took several years for us to induce Hatcher and his wife to give their testimony as to the facts about Oxman being in Woodland at the time of the explosion. They were, however, finally induced to go before a San Francisco grand jury and tell the entire story. Shortly afterward we were fortunate in inducing John McDonald to come to San Francisco and make an affidavit that he had lied when he testified he saw Mooney and Billings take the suitcase which contained the bomb and place it on the Steuart Street sidewalk where it later exploded. The Edeau women discredited themselves by testifying at different times to different facts. On one occasion they testified they were at Steuart and Market Streets, and again that they were in front of 721 Market Street, nearly a mile away, thus destroying their evidence. This left no evidence whatever against Mooney. The case against Billings was equally without valid testimony showing his guilt.

Estelle Smith, in my presence, told the district attorney of San Francisco that she was mistaken when she testified she saw Billings on the roof of 721 Market Street with a suitcase that corresponded to the suitcase that Oxman testified he saw Mooney and Billings have. Her story was that Billings was on the roof of this building for some time, then went down with the suitcase, got into an automobile in front of 721 Market Street, and rode down to Steuart Street with the others. Without Estelle Smith's evidence, Billings would not have been convicted.

Both the cases have been entirely shorn of any evidence whatever that was not perjured. The only witness in either case that told the truth was the man who testified to the blueprints of Market Street. Notwithstanding the fact that these men have been conclusively shown to be innocent of this terrible crime, they have been kept in prison all these years and are still in prison, with no immediate possibility of their release.

Judge Franklin Griffin, who presided at the trial of Mooney, has been tireless in his efforts to bring about his pardon ever since the perjury of Oxman and John McDonald was established. So has Captain Duncan Matheson, now chief of the detective bureau, who was in charge of assembling the evidence for the prosecution. Every one in San Francisco knows that Captain Matheson is an honest man. He has written the Governor asking for pardon. His word alone should be sufficient to free them. Police Captain Charles Goff, who worked on the cases under Captain Matheson, has also written a letter urging the pardon. William MacNevin, foreman of the jury that convicted Mooney, is now a strong advocate for the pardon, as are all the other living members of the jury except one.

Frank P. Walsh, an attorney with a nation-wide reputation as an able, fearless, and honest man, came to California at his own expense last August to go before Governor Young, explain the complete exposé of all the perjured evidence, and plead for the pardon of these men. A number of prominent persons were present at this meeting with the Governor. Among them Judge Griffin, who presided at Mooney's trial, and William MacNevin, foreman of the jury that convicted him. Judge Griffin made a passionate plea for the pardon. So did Mr. MacNevin, who told the Governor that without the testimony of Oxman and McDonald, Mooney would have been acquitted.

After the meeting adjourned the Governor said to us all that he had no doubt we believed Mooney and Billings innocent, but up to the present time (which was subsequent to Mr. Walsh's statement), he was inclined to believe them guilty. A short time later he repeated this statement in a letter to the State Federation of Labor at Sacramento.

This surprised me because I had met the Governor at his San Francisco office in the State Building last spring, and during my conversation with him about these cases he said: "I am inclined to think Mooney is innocent." This meeting was either in April or May, and between that time and the August meeting Governor Young must have obtained some information that caused him to change his mind.

Failing to hear from the Governor after three months had passed, Judge Griffin addressed a letter to him, asking him what information he had upon which he based his belief in the guilt of the two men. The Griffin letter was also signed by the Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco; the Right Reverend Edward L. Parsons, Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of California; Jacob Nieto, Rabbi of Sherith Israel; W. N. Burkhardt, editor of the San Francisco *Daily News;* Reverend Frederick W. Clampett; Franklin Hichborn; William V. MacNevin, foreman of the Mooney jury, and others.

After some delay Governor Young answered the letter, saying that Judge Griffin's question was "purely a rhetorical one. You know that I have never claimed to have additional evidence, and you cannot for a moment believe that I assume to have any." The Governor went on to say that there was a long and well-defended trial and an able and conscientious judge, and a jury of twelve each sworn to give the defendant the benefit of every reasonable doubt, etc. Unfortunately for the Governor's argument, the able and conscientious

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judge and the twelve men did not know at that time that Oxman, the chief witness, was in Woodland when the bomb exploded, and that John McDonald was a perjurer, as he afterward confessed. All these facts came out after Mooney had been sentenced to be hanged.

The Governor referred to the commuting of Mooney's sentence from death to life imprisonment, but he did not point out that when Governor Stephens commuted Mooney's sentence the fact had not been established beyond a doubt that Oxman was in Woodland when the crime was committed, nor did he refer to the fact that it was subsequent to Governor Stephens's action that John McDonald confessed that he had perjured himself. The Governor also said in his answer to Judge Griffin that he intended to "reread every word of the Mooney transcript, as well as every document bearing on subsequent developments of the case." But he added that he could not do this until the work of the forthcoming legislature was ended, next April.

Captain Duncan Matheson, who probably knows more about the evidence in these cases than anyone in California, did not require any time at all to change his mind after he learned that Oxman, who swore Mooney's life away, was in Woodland when the bomb exploded. There is nothing intricate or complicated about the case. MacNevin, foreman of the Mooney jury, put it in a few words when he said to the Governor: "With Oxman and McDonald out of the case, Mooney would have been acquitted." In the time the Governor took to dictate his long answer to Judge Griffin, he could easily have ascertained all that Captain Matheson knows, and all that it is necessary to know about these cases. The mystery has been unraveled during these twelve long years that have passed since the men were convicted. And it was done by those men and women whom Governor Young refers to in his letter as "those who seem to be more solicitous for the law-breakers within our prisons than for the law-abiding public outside."

It is fortunate that there are some persons who have had an interest in men in prison, otherwise Mooney, innocent, would have been hanged twelve years ago, and Billings, innocent, would have spent the balance of his life on the rockpile at Folsom. It was Mooney's radical activities in labor strikes that inspired the frame up. He had offended the powerful corporations, and they were determined to get him. It was hatred, instead of legal evidence, that convicted him. "We have got the right man with the wrong evidence" was the phrase they used to explain it. In other words, they were willing to hang a man who annoyed them, with perjured evidence, using the courts for their purpose. It has left a stain upon the State of California which should be removed as soon as possible. There is only one man who can do this. That is Governor Young.

In the Driftway

A FOND mother expressed her enthusiasm to the Drifter recently in regard to the physique of the next generation. "How much healthier men and women our children are going to be than we are," she said. "Think of everything we do for children that our parents didn't know enough to do for us, how much more we know about diet and hygiene, how we straighten their teeth and legs, how we are able to guard against disease with serums and anti-toxins."

* * * * *

THE Drifter did as he was bid and thought about these things. In fact he had thought about them before—without becoming so enthusiastic as the mother to whom he was talking. The Drifter is appalled when he considers the care lavished on the modern child of wealthy or moderately well-to-do parents. Children are the object of continuous medical surveillance and are subjected to all kinds of tests—to determine their metabolism, fat intolerance, and what not. Every one who treats them is a specialist, often with a special name, as for instance the man who straightens children's teeth, who becomes thereby an orthodontist (not orthodentist). The Drifter knows one mother who packs her three jewels off every Saturday to a specialist who puts them through certain toe exercises to prevent their arriving at voting age with flat feet!

* * * * *

BUT with all this care will the next generation be better physically than its parents? The Drifter believes it will be lucky if it keeps even with the game. For think of what the modern child must contend with! In our cities—where most modern children grow up—the sunlight is deficient and the air is vitiated and impure. The food is greater in variety than ever before, but the milk is pasteurized and half of the other articles are injured in quality and probably in healthfulness by cold storage and our passion for keeping everything in a refrigerator until it is ready to go on the stove or into the mouth. And think of the multiplicity of children's diseases nowadays! When the Drifter was a youngster there were only about half a dozen children's ailments. Every child was allowed to run through those—treated by his mother—but after that, if he complained of a pain, he got a spanking, not a visit from a physician. Nowadays whenever Johnny's temperature is up one-half a degree mother telephones for the doctor and he calls a specialist who charges upwards of $100 for whatever he does.

* * * * *

ALTHOUGH the Drifter is not free from the ills to which flesh is heir, he has never had a doctor come to see him but once, and then it was someone else who sent the call. To be sure the Drifter has gone many times to see doctors—he was rushed off a steamer on a stretcher one Christmas morning to be surveyed by several of them in a big hospital in a strange city—but that is different. When you go to see a doctor you can cease your visits when he has got all your money or you begin to doubt the probability of a cure. But it is hard to put a doctor out of the house who has acquired the habit of coming there.

* * * * *

THE Drifter expressed some of these rambling thoughts to the fond mother who spoke with such enthusiasm of the physique of the next generation. "Yes," she said quietly, "but a lot of children died in your day that we would save now." And maybe that's the answer. Anyhow the Drifter doesn't long passionately to be made a child again even just for tonight. He would rather be a fashionable child specialist for about five years—after which he could retire for the rest of his life.

THE DRIFTER

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Prohibition, Mr. Mussey, and Our Readers

The letter of Henry Raymond Mussey on Prohibition and Citizenship in our issue of December 12 has evoked a flood of correspondence from our readers, from which we extract the following excerpts:

Like Mr. Mussey I read with deep interest and an open mind the letter of Mr. Horace Taft in the New York *Times* on the proper and conscientious attitude toward Volsteadian prohibition, at least on the part of liberals and constructive radicals. I am bound to say, however, that I did not find the plea as impressive and convincing as Mr. Mussey assures us he did. Some of the "facts" cited by Mr. Taft, and accepted as such by Mr. Mussey, are not facts at all, but just personal opinions. The Congressional Dry majority may be large and heavy, but I question the sincerity of many of the political Drys. Do they drink Dry or merely vote Dry?

I am not one of those who assert that prohibition was put over, but I am certain that there is no popular majority that is genuinely in favor of Volsteadian prohibition. We have had no national referendum on the matter, and it is the opposition of the Drys that prevents such a showdown. At any rate, bare majorities have no sort of moral right to impose prohibition on a people and at the same time bar all change and amendment. Prohibition is here and can never be modified in a liberal direction, pleads Mr. Taft. How can he be sure of that? The answer is that he can't. Volsteadism is not sacrosanct, and what is legally possible and morally unobjectionable—such as light wines and beers—cannot be dogmatically ruled out of the question.

Let me grant, however, the claim that Volsteadism is here to stay. What of it? It can be ignored and evaded, as other absurd laws have been. What of the unrepealed blue laws? What of the universal violation and evasion of the general property tax? What of Negro suffrage in the South? What of the contempt for the tariff among our best people? The notion that laws are sacred is unscientific, unmodern, and undemocratic. Bad laws, silly laws, unenforceable laws lack all moral or intellectual sanction. If we cannot repeal them, we disregard them.

Ah, but this is a machine age, an age of airplanes and motor cars, of congested traffic and skyscrapers, argues Mr. Mussey. Such an age, we are told, must give up all alcoholic beverages. Are machines and planes an American monopoly? Is there no traffic problem in Paris, or London, or Berlin? There are fewer accidents in European than in American cities, despite the supposed advantage of the latter under Volsteadism.

Chicago, December 14 VICTOR S. YARROS

In your issue of December 12 Henry Raymond Mussey sings hosannas to Horace D. Taft because Horace D. Taft has sung hosannas to the Anti-Saloon League. Among many other wise and beautiful things, Mr. Mussey says that in a country of 23,000,000 automobiles safety demands obedience to the Volstead act. Now, I spend seven months out of every twelve in what is admittedly the driest state in the Union, and I know of no place on earth where there is so much drunken driving, not excepting even Mr. Mussey's own State, which is pretty bad. This, of course, proves nothing. It merely points out that the poets laureate of the Great Moral Cause make it very difficult for a fellow to chime in with them.

New York, December 7 HERMANN LANDON

The statement contained in Mr. Mussey's letter of November 19 to the effect that the Eighteenth Amendment can never in all probability be repealed is undoubtedly true. But I take issue with his corollary that hence liberals should uphold this reactionary and stupid piece of legislation.

I believe that liberals can accomplish far more for the cause of personal rights if they take every opportunity to violate and to encourage others to violate the prohibition law and thus gradually bring it into such a state of disrepute that it will come to occupy the same low status as, for example, the blue laws of New Jersey, which deny people the privilege of driving automobiles, playing golf, or doing other equally harmless things on Sunday—and which, of course, are now utterly disregarded. In other words, by making the Eighteenth Amendment even more ridiculous and ineffective than it is today we shall in effect eventually repeal it.

Flushing, N. Y., December 13 JOHN B. POST

After reading Mr. Mussey's article in defense of prohibition I cannot help feeling that although Mr. Taft may be right historically, there remains a good deal of doubt as to whether or not he is right in fact. Experience has taught the writer that even under the most favorable circumstances and with the very best intentions the wish is only too often the father of the thought.

Being a skeptic I recall an article written by Hugo Münsterberg of Harvard, perhaps twenty years ago, in which he showed the beneficent effect of alcohol viewed from the standpoint of relaxation (artificial, to be sure) in its relation to the abnormally hectic lives lived by many Americans of that generation. I also recall very distinctly that one of the most eminent physicians of this country on his return from a tour of inspection of the Allied armies in 1917 stated that "90 per cent of all shell-shock cases in the British army were found to be among teetotalers." The physician in question made no further comment, as he did not wish to become involved in newspaper propaganda. I also know of some recent work done in one of our leading universities in reference to the effect of alcohol on the offspring of white rats. In this instance it was shown that alcoholized rats gave birth to hardier offspring than those living under normal conditions. Furthermore I seem to remember seeing great numbers of automobiles on the streets of Paris, where prohibition does not exist, and it would be interesting to know whether the French have proportionately more accidents than, for example, are found to occur in New York City.

Baltimore, Maryland, December 9 W. F. BENKHARD

If the person who makes his own wine or beer or whiskey or brandy is really an associate of the bootlegger, blindpigger, and hijacker, as Henry Raymond Mussey seems to imply in the course of indorsing Horace D. Taft on prohibition, then how comes it that the United States Government itself, under a strict construction of the Eighteenth Amendment, is in the bootlegging business?

Not only are church and synagogue members permitted to drink wine under the Volstead law, without sanction of anything to be found in the Eighteenth Amendment, but doctors may prescribe whiskey and alcohol. More than that, drug stores and groceries are permitted to sell "tonics" and "fruit flavoring" containing as high as 22 per cent alcohol. I have known more than one young man and young woman to get drunk on this governmentally licensed beverage.

Another questionable practice by the government which seems to have some bearing upon good citizenship is the collection of income tax from successful bootleggers and moonshiners. This is done constantly.

Portland, Oregon, December 15 H. C. DECKER

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Books and Art

Estray

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

I

Woods follow courses, and the brooks that lace
Meadows in May are never lost beyond
The margin of some sky-reflecting pond;
Bird, wind, and bee find roads from place to place.
Always across the path we choose will run
Small footprints pointing toward a different land
Where Time dissolves and distances are spanned
By the great golden compass of the sun.
We force our destinations on to those
Who travel by the names of towns, and they
Will never wonder where the red fox goes,
Or visit secret inns along the way,
Trying no tangent, equally content
To spend the night at Harwinton or Kent.

II

But you may meet a traveler who has been
Odd journeys in the shadow of one hill,
And he will show you where his roads begin—
The river of his township turns no mill.
Stop where a stone has gathered warmth all day:
Quietly he will sit beside you there
And map a country older than Cathay,
Whose hidden people breathe a lovelier air.
Sunset will come, and Summer change to Fall.
If one forgets the shortest way between
Two busy towns, that will not answer all,
Or find the stranger who was never seen
After he left the beaten tracks that went
To some such place as Harwinton or Kent.

This Week

"Through English Eyes"*

MR. SPENDER is a perfect type of the English Liberal, the English journalist, the English gentleman. His book on America, "Through English Eyes," is friendly, balanced, dispassionate, and wisely observant. He is eager to applaud but not afraid to blame—though his critical tone is carefully diplomatic and he is almost too ready to explain away the faults he points out. Yet, just as André Siegfried was unmistakably Catholic and French in his background—however cosmopolitan and agnostic his point of view—so J. A. Spender is British and imperialist—no matter how favorable to America his comparisons with England, no matter how gentle his disapproval of our attitude toward foreign debts or our naval program. He discusses, in one chapter, the tendency in the United States to react to British criticism with a sensitive violence unknown in our relations with other countries; and this he ascribes to subtle psychological bonds and antagonisms that have resulted from the original kinship between America and Great Britain and from our later effective rebellion against the family tie. Any psychologist would approve this analysis, I imagine, but he would also point out that it works both ways. Americans may "resent British hostility more than they do the hostility of any other nation," but England cannot avoid a consciousness of its lost and flouted authority. In Mr. Spender's case this consciousness takes the amiable form of admonishing himself and his countrymen and his government not to give themselves "the airs of an elderly relative."

In the pleasant chapters on America itself which open the book, the author displays his first-rate talent as a newspaperman. He sees, he describes, he interprets, he compares; from first to last this section is a nice piece of reporting. Such a lively response to all that is stimulating and promising in America makes every criticism Mr. Spender offers the more worthy of consideration. He is impressed with the size and the gargantuan productiveness of America and especially with the buoyant confidence of its business men that prosperity cannot lapse. The faults that accompany these virtues are also observantly noted and then generally discounted or at least accounted for.

The friendly spirit of this section of the book marks also those chapters in which Mr. Spender discusses American-British relations. He thinks the United States cannot continue to be a great trading and creditor nation and at the same time cling to a policy of isolation; but he analyzes most shrewdly the circumstances which have led Americans to seek this comfortable status. He discusses with equal clarity and understanding our refusal to consider debts in connection with reparations. He considers the effect on Europe of "such apparent contradictions as the launching by America of an enormous program of naval construction at the same time that she is proposing a plan for the universal renunciation of war," and almost succeeds in making this behavior intelligible. In discussing America's naval program and the question of neutral rights in war time, he accepts as inevitable the attitude that seems to be common to his countrymen, from Left to Right—the Islander's fear of being cut off from his food supplies and his raw material. An understanding of this attitude, this basic fear, must, he believes, underlie all attempts at honest discussion of the problem of naval rivalry. There is, he says—too calmly and too certainly, to my mind—

> . . . no probable clash of either interest or ambition which threatens conflict between the two nations. We may scan the horizon in vain for any point at which British policy is likely to come into collision with American policy. . . . What then remains? Solely, so far as we can look into the future, the question of "the freedom of the seas."

Mr. Spender suggests that the hope of a peaceful future lies in drawing up "a new code of maritime law in time of war" to fit the new conditions of naval warfare brought about by the development of the submarine and the airplane. If the two nations could eliminate, through some such procedure, this one primary source of friction, Mr. Spender believes "we might be easy in our minds about ship-building programs."

* Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

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One may hope passionately that Mr. Spender is right and yet wonder a little whether the trouble does not lie deeper than he admits—in the less visible roots of British and American feeling: the island-fear of England; the relentless encroachments of America on her neighbors; the sheer swanking desire of every aggressive nation to flaunt as great a navy as its money will buy; the struggle, not so remote perhaps as Mr. Spender believes, for basic raw materials, not to mention markets; the jealous guarding of possessions and spheres of interest already acquired. These factors should be reckoned in the account along with the rights-of-neutrals issue to which Mr. Spender narrows the controversy.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

Whither America?

Recent Gains in American Civilization. Edited by Kirby Page. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

CONTEMPORARY Christian liberalism, conditioned as it is by the Christian concepts of heaven and hell, is bound to be forward-looking. "Smug contentment and sullen despair are equally perilous," says Mr. Page in the foreword to this distinguished symposium. So, one might add, are any emotional attitudes when one is trying to measure and interpret social phenomena and trends. So, points out Mr. Harry F. Ward, one of the liveliest of the contributors, is the title of this volume which "establishes a world's record by begging three questions in five words." Yet the title of Mr. Ward's own article, Progress or Decadence, is perhaps equally unscientific. Must it be either one or the other?

What are the criteria of "progress"—historical concepts or the subjective ideals of the writer? What is meant by "gains"—net gains? Is it not possible, if one follows Spengler or even if one accepts Henry Adams's application of the second thermodynamic law to social values, that the word "gains" lacks meaning? That we are witnessing, not the ascent or descent of a ladder, but merely a shift of the kaleidoscope; that we live in a continuum of force, a "world without end"—or beginning; a life-and-death process the essence of which is that it is not, in any large sense, controllable, and certainly not justiciable? To use the Christian vocabulary, we are in the hands of God. What we can and do accomplish is to change emphases and alter patterns. But we have just so much individual and social energy to expend—and we don't know where we are going.

One cheerfully admits, however, that several of the contributors prove very successfully that we are on our way—somewhere. Charles A. Beard has no difficulty in showing that there is less graft and incompetence in national, State, and municipal government than there has been at practically any time in our history. He observes ruefully that our ancient ideals of liberty have suffered decay and that we are probably less capable and less decent in the field of foreign affairs than ever before.

Stuart Chase points out that real wages have increased and that the average citizen is materially better off than he was ten years ago; that the status of women and children in industry has been ameliorated; that factory working conditions have been improved; that industry is more efficient—in this connection making his familiar and valuable distinction between the anarchic nature of business and the orderly and creative nature of industry.

Mary Van Kleeck is at some pains to define what she means by a gain in industrial relations harmony—a harmonious interrelation between human beings in industry. I do not think even the ghost of Sam Gompers would agree with her, and I can almost hear the snorts of the Communists and other "power" philosophers and tacticians. Incidentally, it appears that there are gains, and doubtless the American Chamber of Commerce and other close-harmony enthusiasts will be glad to hear it.

Norman Thomas thinks that our advances in the quest for peace are perhaps more realistic than they used to be; that we know more about the causes of war; that we swallow less bunk. It seems to me that his own best and most realistic sentence is:

> For the great boon of peace we shall have to pay a bigger price than the adoption of any specific plan within the framework of a political and economic system which rests on the exploitation of weaker nations and of the working classes within strong nations as its foundation stone.

Although Charles A. Johnson entitled his article Recent Improvements in Race Relations, what he actually gives us is a temperate and interesting description of what race relations have been and are in this country.

Oswald Garrison Villard writes on The Bright Side of the American Press. Not being permitted to deplore, the editor of *The Nation* applauds some insignificant developments in the American press and misses, it seems to me, a chance to discard the judicial ermine altogether and write a thoroughly interesting article entitled, say, Why the American Press Is as It Is.

Dallas Lore Sharp proclaims gallantly that education goes ahead, but the picture he paints is nothing short of terrifying. The picture is that of a two-billion-dollar industry (the public schools) engaged in providing "Nell with her charms; Bill with his needed job." Undoubtedly this industry has improved its methods. It is hard to see how it can claim to be genuinely progressive so long as this concentration upon methods is not inspired by a genuinely creative social philosophy. Meanwhile unofficial educational instruments such as labor unions, political parties, the movies, and the radio deserve more attention than could be devoted to them within the limited scope of Mr. Sharp's article.

Mary Austin analyzes post-war trends in American letters with exceptional clarity and penetration. Rockwell Kent writes on New Influences in Art and in the concluding paragraph of his article achieves an eloquence in prose which equals that of some of his best paintings.

The last section of the volume is given over to Harry F. Ward's brilliantly realistic counter-blast, Progress or Decadence, and to attempts at dispassionate summation by Professor John Dewey, Professor Paul Arthur Schlipp, and Masaharu Anesaki, professor of comparative religions at the University of Tokyo. Professor Ward points out the connection between our ruling class culture and our emerging imperialistic militancy. He also shows the hampering dualism of a political philosophy rooted in freedom and equality and an industrial practice which tends irresistibly toward monopoly and concentration of power. In his Critique of American Civilization Professor Dewey notes the same phenomenon of dualism but interprets it somewhat more optimistically. Professor Schlipp, on the other hand, raises the question Is Western Civilization Worth Saving? in his title, pointing out that if, as might reasonably be alleged, our civilization is decaying to preserve it would be to annihilate man himself. As might be expected of an Oriental, Professor Anesaki deprecates the concept of progress which dictated the title of the volume. He is, however, obligingly optimistic toward the conclusion of his article, where he suggests that perhaps the energies of science may ultimately be turned to the quest of ideal social arrangements.

Almost any attempt to synthesize the phenomena of American life is likely to be both interesting and valuable. This is a good attempt, undertaken seriously, by able people.

JAMES RORTY

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The Aged Bard

Column Book of F. P. A. By Franklin P. Adams. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

IT was with a rather melancholy feeling that I noticed that the jacket of "F. P. A.'s Column Book" refers to him as "the dean of columnists." It does not seem so long ago that some of us were eagerly sending our verses to that new and sprightly column Always in Good Humor that was just beginning to attract attention in the *Evening Mail*. Those were the golden days of contribbing (the clan of column fans has a jargon of its own); the days when G. S. K. dreamed vaguely of the George S. Kaufmann who was to become the American Molière; when Smeed saw but dimly the Deems Taylor who was to experience the grandeur of an opera at the Metropolitan and the accolade of Otto Kahn; when Louis Untermeyer, who had scarcely an anthology to his name, hid coyly behind the pseudonym of Daffydowndilly; and when Flaccus had not yet become a name to conjure with.

And now F. P. A. is a dean, and the column is soon to celebrate its silver jubilee. "Eheu fugaces labuntur anni," as we Horatians of the column would say. Recently I saw the venerable column conductor play ten sets of tennis in one day. The sharp serve that made such excellent reading in the ante-bellum days has softened a bit; the cross-court shots that once were good for several paragraphs a week no longer have the vigor of the days when he teamed in the doubles with Maurice McLoughlin. But twenty-four years of column conducting has not taken any of the sting from his verbal backhand. The Aged Bard still has plenty on the ball.

When the social and literary history of our time is written a chapter should surely be devoted to Franklin P. Adams. There were columns and columnists before him—he descends lineally from Eugene Field and Bert Leston Taylor—but none ever vitalized and so completely made his own that peculiar and now so popular journalistic institution. To attempt a daily column of wit, humor, and shrewd epigrammatic comment for twenty-five years is a task that would terrify most of us. F. P. A. has not only attempted it but he has succeeded to an extraordinary degree; and when he has fallen down, as he has upon occasion, he has never sacrificed the fine integrity of his craftsmanship.

It may be that F. P. A. would wish to be remembered for his verses, the best known of which are collected in the "Column Book." After a lapse of nearly a quarter of a century they still retain some of the sparkle and all of the flawless technique that used to delight the column fans in the old days on the *Mail*. Some of them seem to have grown slight and trivial with the passing years. The parodies, for instance, that so enchanted us in our youth indicate now an acute ear for superficial verbal effect rather than that critical discernment that is the essence of real parody; but to us who have been ardent disciples of the dean since the beginning, each verse in the book is surrounded by delightful sentimental recollections.

Many of the old favorites are here. There is the rollicking Tinker to Evers to Chance which falls strangely upon the ears of a generation to which those names are almost paleolithic; there is the parody of that poem in the Vassar *Miscellany* that was attended by such unfortunate consequences; and there is that ingenious acrostic Read the Tribune which was F. P. A.'s parting practical joke on the day he left the *Evening Mail* to inaugurate The Conning Tower on the *Tribune*.

But excellent as his verses and prose may be, the importance of F. P. A. lies not so much in his own writings as in the influence he has exerted upon the color and form of contemporary wit and humor. There is a quality that is rather hard to define, a sort of verbal backspin that may be found in the writing of many of our well-known humorists, that shows the unmistakable column influence. George S. Kaufmann has it; Robert Benchley has it; Dorothy Parker, Samuel Hoffenstein, Marc Connelly, a dozen names might be mentioned. These writers, I am sure, would be the first to acknowledge their indebtedness to F. P. A. But his influence spreads out far beyond them to that vast horde of that new and extensive school of polysyllabic lyricists upon whom the mantle of W. S. Gilbert has descended so heavily. They too, consciously or unconsciously, reflect the Conning Tower influence. There is little that Dr. Johnson wrote that is worth reading today, but the force of his personality survives not only in Boswell but in the works of the gallant array of celebrities that formed his club. Perhaps some future appraisal will afford F. P. A. an equal importance.

A quarter of a century of column conducting has somewhat mellowed the dean. In place of the gay buoyancy that one time characterized his daily comments on current events he now affects the air of the shrewd elderly philosopher. This was inevitable, and to those of us whom his Tower was once a beacon of inspiration, it is rather sad. Time should have brought with it a broadened outlook upon life, but F. P. A. has ever allowed himself to be concerned with minutiae and to tilt against toy windmills. Great moral issues have come and gone, social injustices have passed by unnoticed while he directed the sharp barbs of his wit against such evils as the misuse of the objective case of the relative pronoun, dry sweeping, and invisible house numbers. A brilliancy that might have been a potent social force has been expended to express the irritation of a petulant proofreader.

Perhaps this weakness is at once his greatest charm, but we who were his admirers must feel regret that the conning tower from which he might have surveyed magnificently the seven seas is but a tower of ivory after all.

NEWMAN LEVY

The Wild Sixties

Jubilee Jim: The Life of Colonel James Fisk, Jr. By Robert H. Fuller. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THE wild era of political and financial corruption just after the Civil War has become a favorite field for biographers and historians who love the picturesque. No other freebooter of the time had quite the impudent audacity which marked Jim Fisk. Among all the extraordinary personages of the day—George Henry Train, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., Tennessee Claflin, Theodore Tilton, Daniel Drew, Gould—he stood preeminent as an example of what E. L. Godkin noted as the rising taste for notoriety. He had come to New York from Vermont a smart, breezy, ignorant peddler, without morals or manners, and eager to use his native shrewdness to gain fleshly enjoyments, power, and public fame. His swindling activities, and the success with which he mastered the shadiest technique of Wall Street, gave him a reputation which he immensely enjoyed. He systematically enhanced it by buying an opera house, acquiring and commanding in gaudy uniform a steamboat line, getting elected colonel of a crack militia regiment, and carrying on the most public liaison of the day. The end was certain to be disaster; yet he still enjoyed a flyblown and contemptible grandeur when the dissolute Ned Stokes shot him on the stairway of the Grand Central Hotel in 1872.

This extraordinary story the late Robert H. Fuller has

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told in lively and intimate fashion, with a full depiction of the social, political, and financial background. The author shrewdly chose the same semi-fictional method which Bouck White used in "The Book of Daniel Drew." After all, any writer would place himself under grave disadvantages if he wrote the life of such a rogue as a piece of sober, documented scholarship. Jim Fisk simply cannot be taken so ponderously. But as a species of coarse-grained, jolly, vulgar Jack Sheppard, lying in wait behind the post-bellum confusions to rob whomever he could, his career offers materials for a rich, picaresque narrative. Mr. Fuller has crowded all the incredible episodes into these 560 pages—the battles royal between Fisk, Gould, and Drew on one side and Commodore Vanderbilt on the other; the sacking of the Erie Railroad; the alliance of Fisk and Gould with Boss Tweed; the prostitution of Barnard and other judges; the attempt to manipulate President Grant himself in the gold-corner which culminated in Black Friday; the Orange Riot; the exposure of the Tweed Ring; and so on down to Fisk's murder.

Despite the richness and interest of the book, Mr. Fuller has not succeeded as Bouck White did. For one reason, he lets history frequently crowd both fiction and biography out of the book. The gold-corner and Black Friday, for example, receive nearly 200 pages, including long stretches wherein we entirely forget Jim Fisk. The author has not the Defoe touch, and sometimes quite forgets that his tale is supposedly being told by a minor assistant of Fisk's, not by some impersonal historian writing a half century later. Again, Mr. Fuller draws no such consummate portrait of Fisk as Mr. White gave us of the wily Drew. Indeed, he offers altogether too kindly a study of the brazen, sensual, and basically cruel man who gained money and power so basely and used them so meanly. Fisk's animal spirits, his clownishness, his way of taking the world and himself as a huge joke, are well set forth; but the author treats him not as a calculating charlatan and thief, but as a rather good fellow of kind heart but weak impulses. We miss Bouck White's constant ironic touches upon character. Finally, the book is not invariably trustworthy in matters of fact. Names and dates are occasionally wrong; Fisk had no such active political interests as are here ascribed to him; and it is erroneous, for example, to trace the exposure of the Crédit Mobilier to Fisk, when actually it resulted from the quarrel of Oakes Ames and M. S. McComb.

Nevertheless, the book will furnish a definite addition to the popular understanding not merely of several of the most striking of American rascals, but of one of the darkest and strangest periods of American life. ALLAN NEVINS

Adventures in the Arts

By Way of Art. By Paul Rosenfeld. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

"BY WAY OF ART"—a title more perfectly expressive of the content it covers could scarcely be found. Mr. Rosenfeld's essays are far from typical criticism; they are records rather than judicial summaries of definite experiences with music, painting, prose, poetry, dance, and sculpture. Not that preferences, judgments, and excoriations are absent from their pages; for this critic's stormy enthusiasm dramatizes the opinions on his horizon and his extravagant range of interest guarantees a great panorama of conclusions upon the contemporary scene.

It would be difficult for anyone not to profit by reading this kind of criticism. To begin with, there is much information about a number of high-brow, esoteric, and ultra-modern artists, authors, and composers whose works are the brightest foci of contemporary curiosity, and a good deal more about others who are perhaps the incipient foci of attention that will accrue tomorrow. There are paragraphs of brilliant exposition such as those upon what Mr. Rosenfeld outlines as the first two periods of Gertrude Stein or those upon "Reynard" and "Les Noces" of Stravinsky or those upon the importance of a "secondary" poet, Richard Aldington; there are paragraphs of interpretative rhapsody, such as those upon the stern ardor of El Greco, the rectilinear and spherical volumes of Gaston Lachaise, the American "paganism" of Wallace Gould; there are paragraphs of excoriation such as those upon the cultural illusions of philistines in the city, the "creative pose" of Honneger, the "moral prostration" of Hemingway; there are witty, lyrical, and visionary paragraphs, few of which are without thrust or charm or windy movement.

For though Mr. Rosenfeld shares the protest of such modern authors as Miss Stein, Mr. Joyce, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Kreymborg against a literal realistic, verbal doctrine, he practices the relativistic theory with conservative sincerity—that is, in spots. Perhaps it is because the demands of his critical task restrain him; perhaps it is the intermittent character of his dynamic muse, but the style of the ensemble of his essays seems to me broken, ejaculatory, unaccountable. Often Mr. Rosenfeld is penetrating and meaningful; but occasionally his verbal detonations shock like work-signals on the winding railroad of his thought.

But there is nothing unaccountable about Mr. Rosenfeld's critical conclusions. They are courageous, clear, and biased. Two mighty forces unify them to a consistent point of view. He has a will to believe in the unity of the new art, which vein of optimism seeks at all times the imprint of the "unknown form-giver" in the expressions of all the arts; he has a yearning idealism which insists upon finding some "reflection of universal law remaining the prime concern of art." Sometimes these temperamental inclinations are capricious, producing effusions which smack of the "Yellow Book," such as the essay entitled The Woman in the Box; sometimes they allow him to illuminate the central pathos of a brilliant but delicate art such as that of Donald Evans; sometimes they reach a bold and spacious vision which is the high poetry of the best pages of the essay Turning to America: The Corn Dance. But when, as in the criticism of Ernest Hemingway, they blind the critical eye and pervert the realistic irony of a masterful comic perspective into what he terms "the rationalization of complete moral prostration, the expression of the deepest psychic languor and love of death," they become dangerous and inimical forces of prejudice, relinquishing a good half of life, and hence of art, as a sacrifice to a consistent faith.

Yet there can be no doubt in the mind of anyone who reads this book that Mr. Rosenfeld is genuinely interested in the fine arts as an avenue of experience. Such dilettantism as his could not arise from a nervous indolence or a mere cultural ambition. There is not a shred of false aestheticism. The implicit and central conception of every page is that of art felt as human activity, and it is this that fosters distinction. Mr. Rosenfeld functions neither as advertiser nor doctor for cultured respectability; he is not (though his temptations are strong) a protector of artistic morals. Incorrigible romantic that he is, fascinated by transcendental rather than real forms of artistic interest, he wrests himself free from the critical dilemma of democratic taste by turning his criticism itself into a literary art. He exploits the sensual aspect of his experience with that definition and intensity which only poetry can give. Thus the value of his criticism lies in its powerful suggestibility rather than in its analytical rigor, and Mr. Rosenfeld's importance to our time rests in the fact that his criticism arises from a curiosity that is active, current, and personal. HENRY LADD

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All Roads Lead to Paris

Paris Salons, Cafes, Studios. By Sisley Huddleston. J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.

Nights Abroad. By Konrad Bercovici. The Century Company. $4.

Winged Sandals. By Lucien Price. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

Fabulous New Orleans. By Lyle Saxon. The Century Company. $5.

EVERYBODY who writes of Paris nowadays either revels in its gay new life or regrets the disappearance of the simpler, solider—though not necessarily soberer—city of pre-war years. For one who has lived there long and knows it well the latter mood is almost inescapable. So it is not surprising to find Mr. Huddleston beginning with a chapter on what he calls the "cocktail epoch." The cocktail, formerly unknown or at least undrunk in France, is as prevalent in present-day Paris as in—say New York City. And Mr. Huddleston regards the cocktail as a symbol of the heady mixture which Parisian life has become.

Of course, in considering Paris, or any other fast-developing city, there is justification for this mood of retrospective regret. Change is not synonymous with progress and even those of us who optimistically insist that the net motion of the world is consistently forward would not be so foolish as to deny history's hard record of times and places when civilization has undeniably gone back. Yet this mood of regret over the here-and-now is a dangerous one, for it is impossible for any one to appraise the present with any approach to accuracy, the less so if his existence stretches back into a considerable past. Life has so much zest in youth that when, later on, it flags a little one can never be sure whether it is life which has deteriorated or youth which has slipped.

Thus I like Mr. Huddleston better when he ceases to regret and plunges into a meaty description of what he has seen and known. For that is much. As a journalist he has been in the midst of Paris life for many years, and he has obviously kept detailed notes about it all which are the source material for the present book of recollections of people and places. I am appalled at the number of individuals who are paraded through Mr. Huddleston's pages. Nobody ought to know, nobody could know, so many persons. Probably many were merely names to him. But he prudently wrote them down—and here they are. There is also a profusion of anecdotes, most of them excellent, though inevitably they include some old friends, for good stories are globe trotters which are soon told by and of so many persons that their origin is lost.

Inevitably some of Mr. Bercovici's "Nights Abroad" were spent in Paris and inescapably Mr. Price's "Winged Sandals" paused there. Both men have felt the city's spell—and are able to reflect it. New Orleans is many miles from the French capital, but it is the closest of all American cities to its spirit. Even today, one gathers from Mr. Saxon's account, the city's French origins and traditions are pleasingly evident. Mr. Saxon avoids the mood of restrospective regret and blends appreciation of both the old and new. At the outset are some boyhood recollections of Mardi Gras and the old aristocracy. Then follow quick glances at the early French and Spanish history which gave the city the Latin flavor that survives to this day. Later Mr. Saxon considers the new New Orleans, though not so modernized but that he is able to describe a weird voodoo rite in which recently he took part.

All of the volumes here passed under review are illustrated. Reproductions from contemporary paintings, drawings, and other sources add materially to the pleasure one gets from Mr. Huddleston's book, while E. H. Suydam's sympathetic illustrations adorn the pages of "Fabulous New Orleans" and "Nights Abroad." Mr. Price's book relies upon photographs.

ARTHUR WARNER

The New Treason

The Treason of the Intellectuals. By Julien Benda. Translated by Richard Aldington. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

"TOLSTOI relates that when he was in the army he saw one of his brother officers strike a man who fell out from the ranks during a march. Tolstoi said to him: 'Are you not ashamed to treat a fellow human being in this way? Have you not read the Gospels?' The other officer replied: 'And have you not read Army Orders?'" These few sentences from the preface present the antithesis with which M. Benda deals in "The Treason of the Intellectuals"—or, as he calls them, the "clerks"—as brilliant an essay on the motive forces of democracy as has appeared in recent years. The meaning which he attaches to the word "clerk" derives from its medieval significance: by it he understands "all those whose activity essentially is *not* the pursuit of practical aims, all those who seek their joy in the practice of an art or a science or in metaphysical speculation . . . and hence in a certain manner say: 'My Kingdom is not of this world.'" His points are briefly these: There are two worlds, a world of practical means and practical ends, served by men of political bent and passion, and a world of pure thought and creative activity remote from immediate application, inhabited by men who are devoted to the just rather than to the strong. The kingdom of the clerks has been the latter world; it has been held by a long and honorable generation whose thought has offered a saving contrast to the contemporary life of the market-place. Of recent years, however, there have been those who bear the name of clerks who have betrayed their kingdom to the politicians, who are taking from its resources to support the practices of the temporal state. This is the great treason.

The clerk who becomes a patriot becomes a traitor. Writers, historians, psychologists, metaphysicians, whether they be D'Annunzio in Italy, Maurras or Barrès in France, Treitschke in Germany—or, though M. Benda does not mention them, the supporters of the Nordic myth in America—can be found today in increasing numbers constituting "the spiritual militia of the temporal power." The effect of the mobilization of the intellectuals of the world behind a series of separate national flags is to render impossible a world of learning—one world—bent on a general search after truth.

The change is of enormous social consequence. Its importance is closely connected with the past history of the clerks. At the time when they received their name they were the clerks of Christendom, the thinkers of the world of God. At that time the people, even the politicians, were theists, and recognized a way of life which was spiritual and which contrasted to the contemporary conduct of temporal affairs. Some centuries later Reason took the place of God in the popular mind. But belief did not die. The people recognized a way of life which was scientific and which contrasted to the contemporary conduct of temporal affairs. Now, however, with the clerks accepting political direction of their activities, all possibility of contrast is destroyed. Science exists to furnish slogans for national policy. God is anthropomorphic as never before. The balance and restraint which come from recognized contrast and criticism have disappeared.

The earth today is becoming divided among a series of

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social masses, formed on the basis of a nation or a class, which are coherent, unanimous, certain of the morality of their immorality and indifferent to one another's views of life except as offering opportunities for holy wars. Were Plato to return to see the modern form of the republic he would find the control of life in the hands of the men of passion, the group to which he gave a second place; he would look about for the philosophers; and he would find in their disappearance the treason of the clerks. H. D. HILL

Books in Brief

Sullivan's Comic Operas. By Thomas F. Dunhill. Oxford Press. $3.

A defense of Sullivan's musical reputation against his contemporary detractors seems the knocking down of a straw man. Almost fifty years of increasing popularity and appreciation surely constitute their own vindication. But in "estimating the value and musical importance" of each opera Mr. Dunhill does perform a service to the lay disciples of Gilbert and Sullivan. Through his briefly comprehensive and readable analysis of each score he emphasizes the individual importance of one of the two elements they are too wont to consider an inseparable welding of words and music. Admitting that the other scores rank below the Savoy operas he claims for Sullivan, on account of his mastery in his own genre, a seat with the masters of so-called serious music.

The Ballad of Reading Gaol. By Oscar Wilde. Illustrated with Mezzotints by Lynd Ward. Macy Masius. $4.

The Ballad of Reading Gaol. By Oscar Wilde. Conceptions by John Vassos. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

There can be little doubt that Oscar Wilde would have preferred the pictures of Mr. Ward to illustrate his poem. They have that combination of eerie fantasy and rugged reality which characterizes the poem itself. The decorative effects of Mr. Vassos need a key to interpret the symbolic meanings. Mr. Vassos kindly furnishes the explanation in two mimeographed sheets. Both books are fine examples of the printer's art.

The Constitutionalist. By Richard D. Ware. Milford, N. H.: The Cabinet Press.

Mr. Ware has here reprinted a series of outspoken papers which he addressed to the editor of the Milford *Cabinet* in connection with his candidacy as a delegate to the recent Republican national convention. His purpose in becoming a candidate, he tells us, was to give the Constitutionalists of New Hampshire an "opportunity to stand up and be counted," by their votes for him, "as to their desire to return to republican government under fundamental principles of the Constitution." His particular object of attack is the Eighteenth Amendment, but "the real question before the country," he declares, "is not prohibition at all, either as a matter of principle or expediency, or as one of morals, religious faith, liberty, or economics." It is the purely legal question of the proper interpretation of Article V of the Constitution, under which Congress is authorized to propose amendments. In Mr. Ware's opinion, Congress possesses no power to propose any amendment which would deprive a State of the control of its own affairs, which, by the Constitution, is reserved to it. The Eighteenth Amendment, which clearly works such deprivation, is therefore unconstitutional, and it is further invalidated by the failure of two States, Connecticut and Rhode Island, to ratify it. He accordingly proposes that one of these States shall test the issue by a suit before the Supreme Court. Mr. Ware's own argument is reinforced by contributions from President Butler of Columbia, Archibald E. Stevenson of Connecticut, Professor Richard H. Dabney of the University of Virginia, Charles S. Rackemann and Julian Codman of Massachusetts, Governor Ritchie of Maryland, Henry W. Jessup of New York, and Maurice S. Sherman, editor of the Hartford *Courant*. Mr. Codman's contribution is a hypothetical decision of the Supreme Court, rendered in 1940, setting aside the Eighteenth Amendment and the acts enforcing it.

Harvey Baum: A Study of the Agricultural Revolution. By Edward S. Mead and Bernhard Ostrolenk. University of Pennsylvania Press. $2.

The thesis of this book, by a professor of finance in the University of Pennsylvania and the former director of the National Farm school, is that there are too many farmers, too much land under cultivation, too many farm animals, and too much agricultural machinery. It is inevitable, the authors maintain, that the surplus farm population will move to the cities, and that, although this may cause temporary hardships, it will eventually benefit both agriculture and industry. Holding these views, the authors are naturally opposed to all the various plans for farm relief. They advocate instead industrial training for farm youth, to enable it to take its place in urban life.

A History of Wood-Engraving. By Percy Douglas Bliss. With a Preface by Campbell Dodgson and 120 Illustrations. E. P. Dutton and Company. $10.

The title of this work is hardly justified, since it consists of a series of essays rather than tells a story. But it manages to get a good deal said about the best that has been done in wood-engraving during five centuries, and—what is more important—uses that information to criticize the work of our contemporaries in England and on the Continent. Mr. Bliss, himself a notable engraver on wood, is decided in his opinions, and makes many valuable remarks which might have been expanded into essays by themselves. The illustrations, particularly in the later chapters dealing with the moderns, are finely illuminating.

Chess Masterpieces. By Frank J. Marshall. Simon and Schuster. $2.

The American chess champion had the ingenious idea of asking twenty-two contemporary chess masters each to select the game that he considers his best. They are here published, together with the comments of each player on his own game, and with Marshall's criticisms and suggestions. The book is fascinating and valuable to the expert and the beginner alike.

Art

A Century of French Painting

IN the last several years the salutary custom of exhibiting groups of French moderns has become firmly established. This season, still at its beginning, has already seen such exhibitions at Kraushaar's, Wildenstein's, Reinhardt's, Valentine's, and, unquestionably one of the finest, at Knoedler's —"A Century of French Painting." With no irreverence toward the frequent declarations of independence on the part of American insurgents, one may assert that the position of supremacy won for France in the last century by a succession of brilliant personalities and schools is still vigorously maintained.

One might justly subtitle the Knoedler exhibition "From Romanticism to Neo-Romanticism." The period after the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars was not unlike

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the period after the recent Great War and subsequent revolutions in its effect on art: reaction against the analytic, stress on the emotional, preoccupation with color, facile virtuosity, search after the exotic. Among the romanticists Daumier is closest to the spirit of rebellion, though the examples exhibited —very good in themselves—do not show it. Delacroix, who elsewhere reveals a lingering interest in revolution, is here least adequately represented. Corot, on the other hand, who is purely the painter, is represented marvelously well from the hard, precise work of his early, slightly known phase ("Venise") to the very antithesis of this, the late, liquescent, airy pictures ("Le Lac de Garde") made popular by his originals as well as numberless imitations.

Parallel with the steady growth and strengthening of the bourgeoisie which accumulated immense riches and was playing the art patron in the private market (incidentally, it is this century that witnessed the full development of the *marchand de tableaux,* the speculator on the artists' misery and the buyers' gullibility), painting was steering clear of social implications culminating in the hedonism of the impressionists. Courbet, the most notable of the few deviations from this general trend, is seen with a remarkable example, "La Belle Irlandaise." Of the impressionists, Manet, Monet, Sisley, Degas, and Renoir, the last two are shown to the best advantage both for themselves and their school. Renoir's "Portrait of Mlle Jeanne Samary" is among the most joyous even for Renoir, and his singing "Still Life" is really—if one may express a heresy against absolute formalism——two or even three good still lifes cleverly put together on one canvas.

The excellent choice of pictures by Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Seurat introduce us to the period of cultural and aesthetic perturbations that reached an exciting climax in the *fauves* and the cubists and that extended the revolution from the fine to the applied arts, to fashions, advertising, and the theater. Matisse, Picasso, Derain, Braque are the last heroic figures before the war, seeking after a total revaluation of art. Attacked viciously by official art institutions and the buying public, and supported by only a few devoted followers, they went on with a stubborn perseverance.

Renewed activity followed the sterility of the war period. Artists and buyers from all nations again flocked to Paris. The bourgeoisie, old and new, developed a taste for the new art, in its homes, business, places of amusement, and met the modern artist half-way. The artist moved a little to the right, the bourgeoisie moved a little to the left, and at last the modern artists had the satisfaction of seeing their own work, like the work of the old masters, become objects of conspicuous consumption. Pre-war experimentation and analysis of space problems gave way to a romantic indulgence in color. Picasso has become feverishly eclectic, Matisse has been reduced to a formula. But neither any longer holds the center of the stage. The rage now is the lyric intimacy and nostalgic retrospectivism of Modigliani and Utrillo, who, alike in their life and work, are among the most romantic figures in the history of French art. The exhibition shows both at their best. Modigliani's "La Femme au Collier" is rarely beautiful and Utrillo's view of Montmartre is painted in his early "white" manner before he was goaded by speculators into the manufacture of countless pot-boilers.

One canvas by Lurçat represents the younger generation. Absent are the other artists of his age and standing in this neo-romantic trend: De la Serna, Soutine, Menkes, Gromaire. And already one hears the Surréaliste thunder on the left. An optimist might hope that the newest tendencies would receive sympathetic representation in some leading gallery at an exhibition entitled "Fifty Years of Twentieth-Century Art."

LOUIS LOZOWICK

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International Relations Section

Rumania's Revolution

By EMIL LENGYEL

[In the election of December 12, the first free election in Rumania, Julius Maniu, leader of the National Peasant Party, received 85 per cent of all the votes. In the district formerly represented by Vintila Bratianu the returns gave the Peasant Party 90 per cent of the total vote.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

WHEN a few weeks ago Vintila Bratianu's so-called Liberal Government was replaced by Julius Maniu's National Peasant Government, Rumania liberated herself from a tyranny which lasted for three-quarters of a century. During that time the country had grown from an inconspicuous principality into the largest state of the Balkans. With consummate diplomacy which utilized the artifices associated with Byzantinism, the Bratianus, a dynasty of rich boyars, became the supreme lords of Rumania and the living symbols of her greatness. It is a matter of conjecture whether the Bratianus were successful because they played the game according to the rules of Western democracy or whether their glory was derived from the fact that they were born into an age in which diplomacy was practiced according to the standards of the Balkans. In the domestic field they were successful because their rule solidified the victory of the industrial bourgeoisie over the feudal aristocracy.

The accession to power of the Maniu Party, on the other hand, signifies, temporarily at least, the triumph of the peasants over the industrial magnates. In a Western country such an evolution might seem retrogression, but not so in Rumania where out of a population of 16,000,000 the industrial proletariat numbers only about 500,000. The Bratianus anticipated history by artificial means in becoming the patron saints of native industry and banking. They fostered industry and aspired to make their country independent of foreign bankers. A few years ago they went so far as to sponsor a legislative measure which was as radical as any resolution of the British Labor Party. It referred to the nationalization of the subsoil, vesting ultimate ownership in the nation. This law was destined to eliminate the influence of the Standard Oil, Anglo Persian, and Royal Dutch from the Rumanian oil fields. This was one of the most radical applications of their financial Monroe doctrine.

These measures, if one considered them without reference to actual conditions in Rumania, bore the hallmark of genuine liberalism. Yet they represented clever moves in a predatory warfare which resulted in the Bratianus's cornering all the political power and wealth of the nation and thus were parts of a reactionary conspiracy. Except for the henchmen of the Bratianus, the attempted industrialization of Rumania involved the most catastrophic consequence by separating Rumania from the outside world by a sky-high tariff barrier. It was the peasant who paid the bill for the protection of the infant industries, not only in the form of customs duties but also in higher taxes as a result of the enormous prices which the government paid for the industrial products turned out by members of the Bratianu clique. The other countries retaliated by imposing heavy duties on Rumanian wheat, the main export article of the country.

The financial reign of terror was equally obvious in the banking field where the foreign observer was treated to the unique spectacle of a poverty-stricken country supporting some of the most prosperous banks of Eastern Central Europe. The rate of interest these banks charged was a public scandal. The way they manipulated the currency gave rise to angry comments. The same clique that ran the factories and banks would have benefited from the nationalization laws. They were to receive the concessions to exploit the subsoil in the name of the Government. The transfer of power would have involved the extension of administrative inefficiency and corruption to the oil fields.

The passive attitude of the population toward the Bratianu dictatorship is best expressed by the popular saying that God forbid that the Rumanian peasant should have to suffer to the capacity of his endurance. The Rumanian peasant tolerated the practice that under the rule of a universal suffrage law he should be herded to the polling booth at the point of bayonets and told for whom he had to vote. He suffered underpaid government officials to levy an impost on him in the form of bribes which under the Bratianu regime appeared to be a legalized practice. He even put up with a standard of life which, apart from Albania, is the lowest in Europe.

The change of government means that the Bratianus had overstrained the patience of the peasant. It was inevitable because, as Julius Maniu worded it in one of his recent addresses, the Government, in its brazen disregard of the elementary functions of public administration, had carried things to an absurdity. The system of taxation was breaking down and the treasury was almost empty. The shortage of capital was so disastrous and the Government's remedies were so drastic that lately the per capita currency in circulation fell to forty leis, the equivalent of about twenty-five cents. In order to raise the purchasing power of the population, stabilize the lei, and balance the budget foreign capital was urgently needed. It was here that the Bratianu regime came into conflict with the outside world, a conflict which precipitated its downfall.

Foreign capital, mostly American and British, is taking an even greater interest in the countries of Eastern Central Europe. The standard type of loan contract for their countries usually includes a provision for the appointment of a foreign financial commissioner or observer to represent the interests of the money lenders. It was after considerable struggle against what they describe as undue foreign interference that Bulgaria and Greece recently submitted to the dictates of the foreign bankers, accepted a foreign superior, and subscribed to the transformation of their national banks into purely governmental financial agencies, divorced from politics as well as private interests. The Bratianus, however, balked at these conditions. They argued that Rumania is a victorious nation, the only first-class Power in Southeastern Europe, and therefore must be treated differently from the "Balkan nations." Underlying their bitter resentment at the alleged insult to Rumania's position was their

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apprehension that the foreign observers would spoil their game. In the wrangle which ensued the foreign bankers emerged victorious. This, incidentally, meant the victory of the National Peasant Party. Maniu had won the day by withdrawing the representatives of his party from the Bucharest Parliament. This turned out to be an extremely judicious move since it called the attention of the foreign capitalists to the precarious political conditions of Rumania. To the question as to whether the National Peasant Party would honor the obligations undertaken by the Bratianu regime Julius Maniu answered with a decisive No. Making a radical departure from the traditional policy of treating the parliamentary opposition as the enemies of the land Vintila Bratianu sought to obtain the cooperation of the Maniu Party by offering them several Cabinet positions. Once more the answer was a decisive No. At present the representatives of the Maniu Government are negotiating a loan of $80,000,000 which will be the first instalment of an international loan of $250,000,000.

The other reason for the success of the Maniu Government is due to a process of readjustment in favor of the higher civilization of some of the territories newly acquired by Rumania. It is no mere coincidence that the Maniu Government includes seven Transylvanian ministers, four of whom had sat in the Hungarian Parliament. To some extent the new Government is the issue of the revolt of a higher civilization against a lower civilization. The cities of Transylvania, Bukowina, and the Banat had enjoyed under the Austro-Hungarian regime a Western European culture. Their Austrian and Hungarian masters were fanatically nationalistic, but they were not corrupt.

As long as Jon Bratianu was at the helm of the state his shrewdness and lack of scruples carried the day for the traditional type of Rumanian government. When about a year ago he died and the government was inherited by Vintila, his brother, the *Götterdämmerung* of the Bratianus began. On May 7 the National Peasant Party massed its supporters in Alba Juliu to declare a ruthless war against the Government. The peasants who attended solemnly swore that they would never recognize the Liberal Government as the legitimate representative of the country and that it had forfeited its right to the obedience of the citizens by being inefficient and corrupt, the enemy of the nation. This was the first phase of the passive resistance which finally resulted in the appointment of Julius Maniu as premier.

Julius Maniu is a statesman in the best sense of the word, a man of irreproachable character and of great ideals. He received his political training in the Hungarian Parliament. While it was not a good school in more than one respect, yet it was performing its duty on a much higher level than the Bucharest legislature. For several years Maniu was a professor of law at a theological seminary. He is the first prime minister in many decades who was hailed by the majority of the peasants of Rumania with exultation, in spite of their cynical motto: "Only fools exult when governments change." The Maniu Cabinet will encounter many storms. Corruption cannot be stamped out overnight in a country where it had been glorified into a governmental expediency. There is little doubt that the supporters of the old regime, intrenched in important administrative, industrial, and banking positions, will try to sabotage the reforms of the new Government. The high tariffs must be reduced and export imposts abolished. The present iniquitous system of taxation has to be reorganized and the consuming capacity of the country raised so that Rumania shall no longer be, in the words of Take Jonescu, "a very poor country possessed of immense riches." A famine is at present devastating Bessarabia and a large part of the population lives on herbs and roots. The Government will have to feed half a million peasants out of state resources. At the same time a fleet of granary boats is lying idle at Braila and wheat is deteriorating for want of use.

The Maniu Government is faced, on the other hand, with an unsettled international situation. The Bratianus made enemies on all sides. During their rule, Rumanian-Magyar relations were in a state of extreme nervous tension with disarmed Hungary on the one side, arrogantly offensive, and with heavily armed Rumania on the other side, intransigent and arrogantly defensive. There is some hope in the attitude of the liberal Hungarian newspapers which hailed with satisfaction the appointment of a Rumanian Cabinet with peaceful intentions toward Budapest.

Much speculation has been centered on the possible effect of the change of government on Russian-Rumanian relations. At present there is no diplomatic intercourse between the two countries and the railway bridge across the Dniester, connecting Russia with Rumania, has been blown up. While it is certain that Maniu's attitude toward Soviet Russia will not be provoking, as was the policy of his predecessors, his supporters aver that he would commit political suicide by entirely reversing the stand of the previous governments. Such a fundamental change would be more than exploited by his political opponents who like to call him a Bolshevist even now for associating with the Social Democratic Party of Rumania. Friends of a genuinely liberal Rumania have expressed their desire that Julius Maniu will be given an opportunity to initiate at least some of the reforms that would make it an up-to-date country instead of the backward nation to which it has been reduced by the Bratianu regime.

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